Our Foreign Policy: What Next?

The Reporter

December 9, 1952 25c

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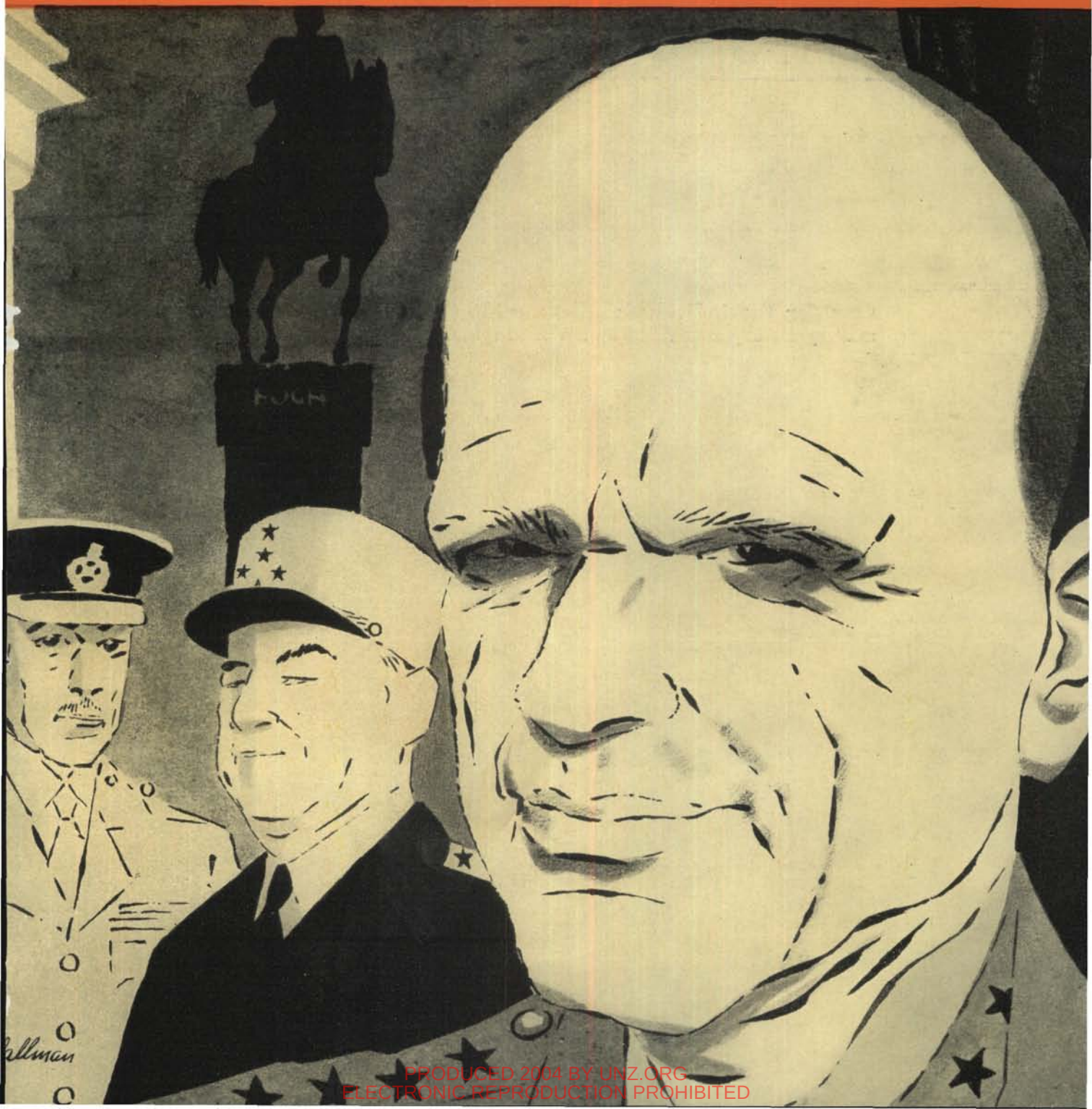

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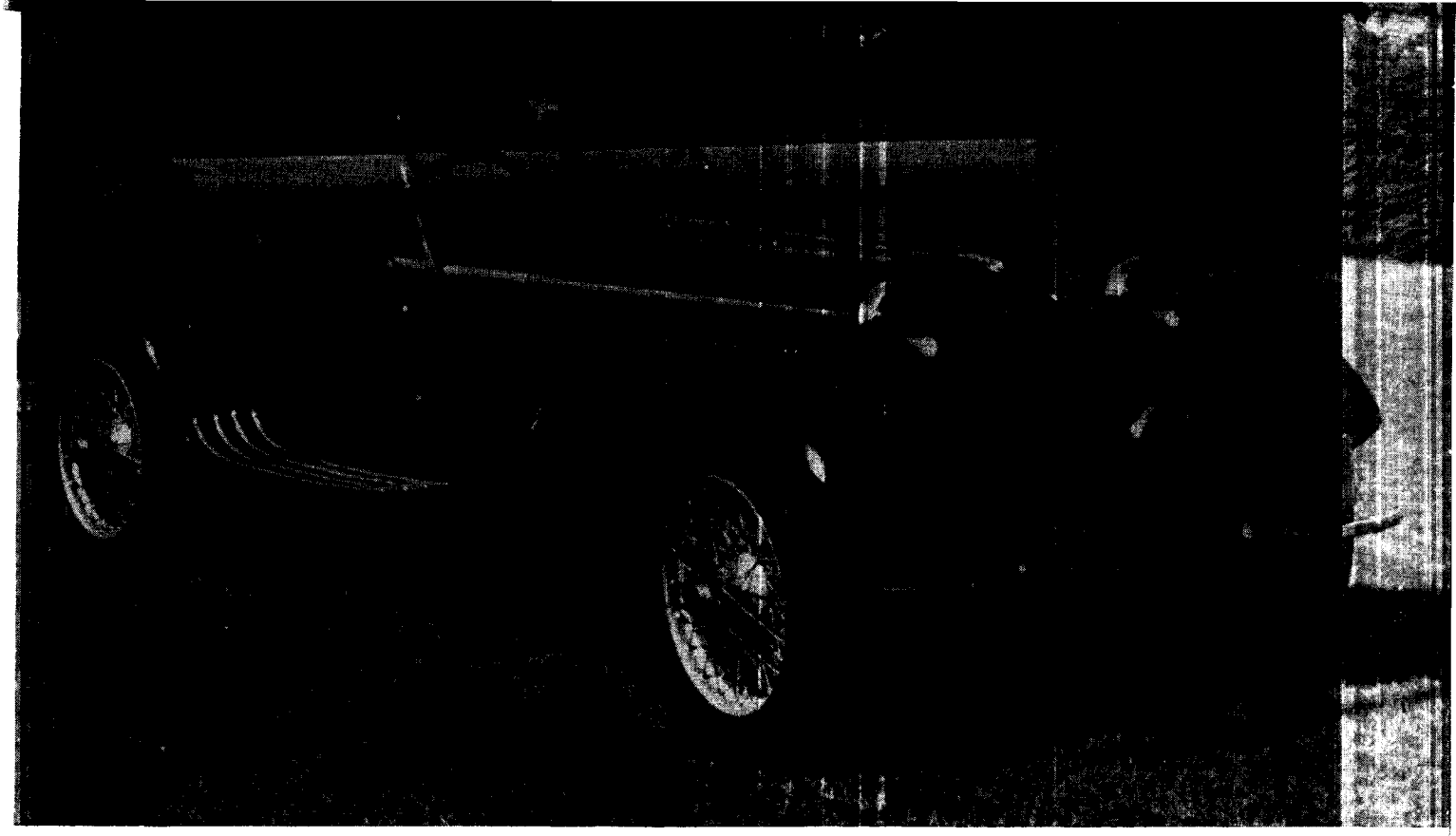
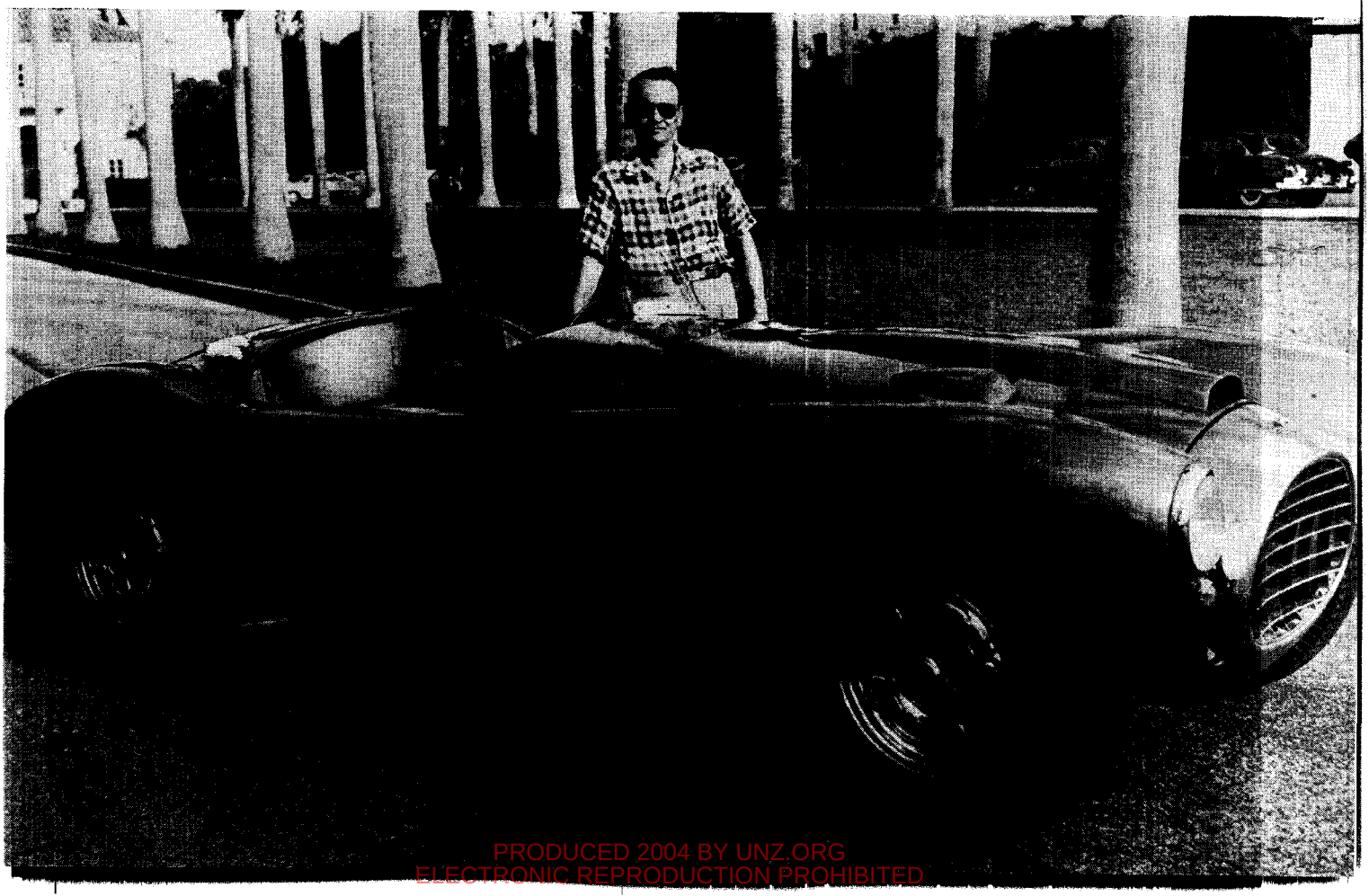


Cars for the individual: Above, a 1934 Alfa Romeo; below, a Chrysler-engined American Cunningham, 1952 (see page 33)



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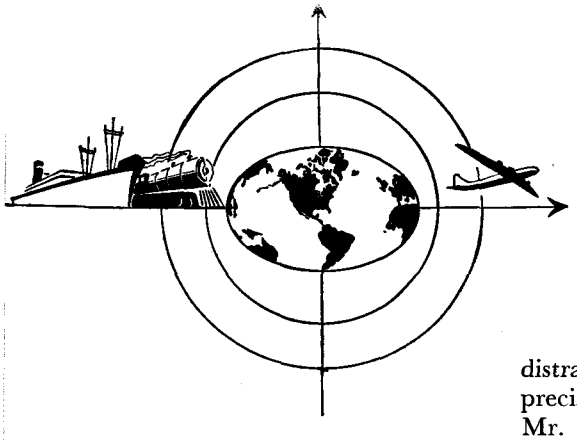

The Reporter's Notes

Justice by Spraying

Sometimes an ad makes far more interesting reading than a news story or a columnist's high-level pronouncements. This is the case, at least, with an ad in recent issues of *Time* and *Newsweek*.

The top half of the full-page ad shows a helmeted man spraying a rioting mob with blue dye while another helmeted man, camera in hand, takes pictures. In the bottom half of the page Mr. Jack Frye, president of General Aniline & Film Corporation, provides a commentary on the drawing.

Mr. Frye quotes a UP dispatch from Paris: "Police [according to Minister of Interior Charles Brune] have been ordered to spray participants in any future demonstrations with a penetrating blue dye, which they will find almost impossible to wash off." Then Mr. Frye adds, "As a contribution to freedom, liberty, and a better world, General Aniline & Film Corporation will donate ten pounds of our Victoria Blue dye, which will make 25 gallons of indelible solution . . . to the government of any United Nations member which will follow the example of the French."

MR. FRYE'S generous offer furnishes a prevailing trend of our time with both a powerful symbol and a weapon to achieve final victory. True enough, the background of General Aniline & Film Corporation is of a rather questionable nature—so questionable, in fact, that the firm has for a long time been in the hands of the Alien Property Officer. General Aniline was rather closely connected with I. G. Farben, the famous German cartel that did so well for Hitler during the war.

But the old prejudices that the anti-Hitler crusade left with us should not distract our minds from a realistic appreciation of what General Aniline, in Mr. Frye's words, offers us now. We can get rid of Communism in a speedy, wholesale way—as long as we don't bother to investigate the events that might have brought a man close to a group that is, or is being called, Communist. He will never wash that indelible blue off his face anyway.

Not to detract from Mr. Frye's brilliance, we must add that other people have already acquired an intuitive knowledge of his spraying technique. We think of Senator McCarthy, for instance, and of how startlingly casual, both in content and delivery, was his speech denouncing Adlai Stevenson. Actually he said nothing about Stevenson; he quoted at random, and invariably out of context, some things that three or four of Stevenson's aides had written. What McCarthy did was a good job of spraying.

THERE seems to be no greater problem facing our courts than that of determining whether a man is or is not a Communist, and, if he is, what he is doing to harm our country.

Now, if we accept General Aniline's kind offer, Justice, the blindfolded goddess, can drop her scales and sword and do her job with a big spray gun. Of course, she may just as well remain blindfolded.

Doing Unto Others

Shortly after the election there was a rash of angry comments in some of the major papers and news magazines that did not like the way public opinion in the allied countries had reacted to Eisenhower's victory. The fault, it was said, lay with the foreign correspondents in this country, who had misinformed their readers.

The answer to this charge against the foreign correspondents is that, by and large, during the campaign they shared the political inclinations and emotions of the larger part of their American colleagues. Notoriously, most of the working press was for Stevenson, just as most of the publishers were for Eisenhower. Our political campaigns generate a contagious passion from which we cannot expect foreign observers to be immune. And, we may ask, are the correspondents sent abroad by our own papers such paragons of neutrality and objectivity?

Moreover, most of the news that changed the opinions about Eisenhower previously held by the allied peoples came straight from our wire services. The talk about liberation of the satellites wasn't concocted by British or French correspondents over here, and the idea that Asians should fight Asians was not furnished by biased observers in our midst. What a Presidential candidate says while stumping the country is eagerly listened to by the people of the free world. Should we allay the anxiety of the allied peoples by telling them that the kind of leadership we give ourselves is none of their business?

We certainly treat foreigners, at home and abroad, in a way no American citizen would ever like to be treated. Consider the way our consuls abroad behave when, acting in conformity with the new immigration laws, they pry into the personal lives of foreign scholars who are invited to come here by the State Department or major institutions of learning. The October issue of the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists* provides formidable documentation on how a number of scholars devoted to our country and to freedom were dealt with. It should be read by all Americans—and by General Eisenhower first of all. Be warned, however, that it is not pleasant reading.

THESE instances—these, and many more we may cite in the future—reveal an incredible obtuseness in deal-

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ing with foreigners. Isolationism is probably completely dead in our country, but the methods used in furthering some of our policies will end by isolating us from our allies. To be worthy of our position we must examine ourselves and see whether we are not doing unto others as we would not have others do unto us.

The MacArthur History

All the papers have reported—either in banner headlines or in obscure paragraphs tucked away on a back page—that the Department of the Army has just taken over thirty-two "packing cases" of General MacArthur's wartime files. The files have been described variously as "private" and "personal" and as a collection of valuable documents bearing on the Pacific campaigns. Some newspapers have indicated that the General resisted the transfer (New York *Herald Tribune*), others that it was a completely "amicable" arrangement (New York *Times*). The Washington *Times-Herald* and the Chicago *Tribune* suggested that it was a maneuver by the Administration to suppress material that might prove embarrassing if it should get into the hands of the incoming Republicans. According to the New York *Times*, First Army Headquarters in New York City, which now has custody of the thirty-two boxes, said that the "case was taking on alarming implications that really aren't there at all."

THE ONLY thing that alarms us in this episode is the failure of the press to get at the facts and present an intelligible story to its readers. If our great dailies had taken the trouble to turn to their own files, which, unlike General MacArthur's, are presumably accessible at all times, they would have found:

1. A story on General Willoughby in the August 19 issue of *The Reporter*, which contained the first account to appear in the U.S. press of MacArthur's massive unpublished three-volume history of the Pacific campaigns;

2. A follow-up feature story in the October 14 issue of *The Reporter*, entitled "MacArthur's Hidden History," which gave a detailed and authoritative account by two SCAP historians of how the history had been written and how it had disappeared into General MacArthur's luggage, along with all its supporting files and a set of matrices.

3. An epilogue to this second article in the same issue, which reported the Army's long and fruitless effort to obtain possession of, or even access to, the history and the files and the fact that for the first time the Army was addressing a direct official request to General MacArthur to turn over to the Army both the history and all its supporting documentation;

4. INS and AP dispatches datelined Tokyo, October 14 and 15, reporting that the Japanese Kyodo News Agency had relayed the *Reporter* story to Tokyo and had independently confirmed certain important points in it from Japanese sources;

5. A Washington dispatch of October 18, by Chicago *Daily News* correspondent Peter Lisagor, which, without mentioning the *Reporter* story, stated that General MacArthur, under pressure from the Pentagon, had agreed as of the second week in September to turn over to the Army "a little publicized but voluminous record of the Pacific war."

ALL THESE FACTS should have been available in the morgue of any self-respecting newspaper for the last month or two. We know at least that we sent advance tear sheets of both of our articles to all metropolitan dailies and weeklies. The box score of the U.S. press to date on this episode is as follows:

1. With the single exception of the Washington *Post*, none of the leading dailies or weeklies have commented on our account of the missing MacArthur history or have even reported its existence.

2. Again with the single exception of the Washington *Post*, none of the many newspapers that reported the recent transfer of General MacArthur's files to the Army has given any indication that there might be any connection between the "thirty-two packing cases" and the missing three-volume history. The Washington *Post* drew this obvious conclusion and generously suggested that *The Reporter* might well take a good deal of credit for the return of valuable government property to its rightful owner.

We have another item for the neglected morgues of the daily press. According to very reliable information available to *The Reporter*, the bound page proofs of the history, together with all its supporting documentation, were packed for shipment to the United States in aluminum foot lockers. These foot lockers were numbered in series from one to thirty-two, and an inventory was taken of them before they were sealed. From where we sit it looks like a fairly simple proposition: "thirty-two packing cases" of files (as reported by the *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, the *World-Telegram & Sun*, the New York *Post*, the Washington *Times-Herald*, and the *Chicago Tribune*) = thirty-two numbered aluminum foot lockers = one three-volume unpublished history of the war in the Pacific plus its supporting documents.

We take this occasion to invite the U.S. press to join *The Reporter* and the Washington *Post* in recognizing the existence of MacArthur's history.

MASTERS OF MANHATTAN

"I don't recall—"—"I don't remember—"
"Yes, I seen him once or twice—"
"Maybe more—I don't recall—"—
Thus the testament of vice,

Thus the lordly company—
Trigger Mike, Three-Finger Brown,
Little Augie, Lucky, Frank—
Of those who ran or run the town.

Thus the power of our courts,
The sovereigns of our City Hall,
The friends of judges and of mayors
Who don't remember, can't recall.
Who don't remember, can't recall.

—SEC

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CORRESPONDENCE

THEY TOLD US SO

To the Editor: Kindly inform Mr. Joseph C. Harsch, in reply to his question, "What's Happened to Ike?" (*The Reporter,* October 28), that the General was elected by the largest vote ever received by a candidate for the Presidency.

The result of the election and the expiration of my subscription to *The Reporter* make me very happy.

ETHEL M. GINDER
Delmar, New York

To the Editor: WOULD LOVE TO WITNESS YOUR FEAST ON CROW. ADVISE SAUCE CHOSEN TO INCREASE PALATABILITY. SUGGEST PEARSON BE INVITED AS DINNER PARTNER AS HE IS AN EXPERT GOURMET OF ENTREE. MASTICATE WELL LAST PARAGRAPH NOV. 11 EDITORIAL OF THE REPORTER.

L. R. MEREDITH
Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania

(The paragraph which we are invited to eat reads as follows: "Our next President will live up to his mandate only if he wins the leadership of the democracies' coalition. Stevenson can win this leadership. Eisenhower cannot."

The first paragraph of the same editorial stated: "The great primary is coming to a close. The man who wins will be America's candidate for the leadership of the free world. In running against Joseph Stalin he will need to put a damper on factional strife at home and win the confidence of the allied as well as the uncommitted peoples abroad."

Now, as several of our readers have been kind enough to point out to us, Eisenhower did win the American election a few weeks ago and has thus become America's candidate for the leadership of the free world. We sincerely wish him all success in this larger campaign, and nothing could make us happier than to admit that we were wrong when all the returns are in.—THE EDITORS.)

A TRAGIC DECISION

To the Editor: As an enthusiastic admirer of the New Deal and of its author, Franklin D. Roosevelt, I am no "frustrated Republican," as you have described yourself. I am one of millions who are bitterly disappointed by the country's failure to elect Adlai E. Stevenson, and are shocked by the triumph of emotionalism and reaction on November 4. I think that the country is about to have its worst government since that Republican gang which followed President Wilson.

However, I try to be objective and I am painfully aware that even the New Deal and Fair Deal have made serious errors. One tragic blunder which, more than everything else, is prolonging the war in Korea seems not to have received much attention. I refer to the tragic decision to indoctrinate captured North Koreans and Chinese with our western ideas and values. Who was it who overlooked the fact that Joe Stalin's minions would never forgive Red soldiers who had openly renounced Lenin and Marx? Who was it who induced the Pentagon to proselytize prisoners and forgot that the proselytes could never be protected once the war was over? Is this another example of military diplomacy? This terrible blunder has not received publicity. Why not? The price the country is paying for it is tragic. Who is being shielded? Why?

CHARLES B. HORTON
New York City

THE SOUTH, SIR, OBJECTS

To the Editor: "The G.O.P. Goes South" would fit well in the mouth of a Thaddeus Stevens. Therefore I must admit complete amazement at seeing it in *The Reporter,* especially in the editorial section. I hope that hating Southerners who sincerely believe as they do believe will end after November 4. I am a Southerner, and, I hope, a reasonably well-educated and well-traveled one. My family and I consider ourselves "liberals," and we extend the definition to include Northerners as well. And this does not mean that if we were to come into power that we would persecute those who were not our kind of liberals. I use the terms loosely. It has happened too often in history that a "liberal" minority, grown to power, rapidly became a persecuting majority.

When the bitter campaign is past, let us hope that your magazine as well as the Republican elephant will return from the mists so graphically represented on your back cover of the same issue.

LOUIS DUPREE
Cambridge, Massachusetts

(We hope that Mr. Dupree will be satisfied with our recovery from electionitis. It would be as absurd to go on being bitterly partisan after the election as it would have been to avoid partisanship while the campaign was on.—THE EDITORS.)

STEVENSON'S ROLE

To the Editor: I am one of the many unattached liberals who were for Ike before the Republican Convention and who switched to Governor Stevenson some time between MacArthur's rhapsodic keynoting on a theme by Paranoia and the fateful balloting. Election Night I was one of the many who did not feel too old to cry.

The putative benefits of the impending housecleaning may be seriously qualified, or even vitiated, by several factors. One is the accession to power of what may at best be described as a conservative bloc—Senator Taft the re-examinist, Senator McCarthy the reviler, and a host of reactionaries too numerous to mention. The importance of this factor will be determined by the degree to which the President-elect is influenced by this bloc. Events of the past fourteen weeks leave me somewhat less than hopeful.

A second and even more ominous portent lies in the victory of an emotional dialectic over a rational logic, in the egregiously greater appeal of the sweeping promise over the sober analysis, in the success of advertising techniques when pitted against statesmanlike appeals to the intelligence. The issues, so called, which seem to have decided the election were Communism, corruption, and Korea. What frightens me is the popular disregard of the vital principle that the true fight is *for* something: the freedom, integrity, and well-being of all men. The success of the Republican campaign would appear to indicate that the American antipathy to Communism is no more than an empty negation, and that the United Nations' stand in Korea, of such significance to free men everywhere, has lost its meaning in the land of the free.

I need reassurance that expediency has not attained and will not attain a permanent victory over principle. More important, the peoples everywhere who look to the United States of America as their champion need that reassurance. If it is not forthcoming, we may lose our friends, and lose them to a heartened Soviet Union. We are walking a tightrope: In our struggle with Communism we may slip into a Third World War in our anxiety to finish it up somehow; we may forget our fundamental principles of freedom, mutual self-respect, and individual worth, thus losing by default what we are presumably struggling for.

Vibrant voices are needed to rouse the American people to a fuller realization of their historic goals, and to make the whole world aware that this realization has taken place. That Governor Stevenson will be foremost among these voices must now be the wish of all those who voted for him. This election has placed a solemn responsibility upon President-elect Eisenhower. I believe a weighty one has also devolved upon Adlai Stevenson.

EDWIN S. SPIEGELTHAL
New York City

THE REAL WINNERS

To the Editor: Ike didn't win the election. He got only 31.7 million votes. But the Do-Nothing Party got 37.6 million votes. So it takes over.

Proof? Population just passed 158 million. Of these, sixty per cent are eligible to vote. Or 94.8 million. Of these, 57.2 million voted for Ike and Stevenson. So the Do-Nothing Party got the rest, or 37.6 million.

The real winners of the election are Pipsqueak and Peewee.

WALTER B. PITKIN
Los Altos, California

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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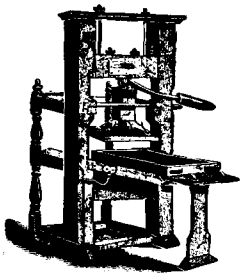

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

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ON this page, which is to be a regular feature of *The Reporter,* we shall set forth why we have selected what we are publishing and tell who has done the writing.

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OUR readers know the long sustained effort by which the North Atlantic Treaty Organization was built up to face the Russian threat. How is NATO doing? Has it reached a turning point? Has it perhaps reached a point where it has a power of growth, a vigor, of its own? Or is it no more than an alliance established to meet a particular emergency? In this issue our regular European correspondent, *THEODORE WHITE,* reports from Paris on NATO.

In Asia, the immediate and overwhelming difficulty is, of course, Korea. But a long-range problem remains: our relationship with the new Asian nationalisms in general, and with the two Chinese Governments, the one on Formosa, the other on the mainland. *The Reporter* has always excluded any possibility of abandoning Formosa and its almost ten million inhabitants to Red China. Long ago *The Reporter* said that Formosa was the test: We came out with the idea of an independent Formosa, one that could not be the object of barter. To bring us up to date on Formosa, we called upon *ALBERT RAVENHOLT* who served as a war correspondent in the Far East during the Second World War. As an associate—from 1946 to 1952—of the Institute of Current World Affairs, he has continued his studies of Asian events. He was in Formosa in 1950 and again in 1951, and is leaving for the Far East in the near future. Since 1948 Mr. Ravenholt has been a correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News.*

•

CYRIL CONNOLLY, the well-known British essayist and editor, writes about the two British diplomats who disappeared a year and a half ago. We are always glad to publish anything that has the sheer literary distinction of Mr. Connolly's prose. We think this mystery story and tragedy will fascinate our readers. Mr. Connolly, the founder and editor of *Horizon,* is the author of *The Rock Pool, Enemies of Promise, The Unquiet Grave,* and *The Condemned Playground.* The conclusion of his two-part article will appear in our next issue.

The difficulties of honest neutrality in a world where all nations are under heavy pressure to join one of the two great opposing camps is illustrated by *WILLIAM H. HESSLER's* article on Sweden. Mr. Hessler, a regular contributor on political and strategic subjects, is an editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer;* he wrote *Operation Survival.*

WILLIAM CLARK's commentary on the British Broadcasting Corporation makes little mention of American radio and television, but we feel that an interesting comparison will be apparent to the reader. Somehow a government monopoly, a phenomenon toward which most Americans harbor a healthy suspicion, has managed to retain a large measure of independence, giving its public a diversified fare of objective information and adult entertainment. Mr. Clark knows this country well, having served at the Chicago office of the British Information Services during the war and later as press attaché at the British Embassy in Washington; he has recently written on American politics for the *Observer* of London.

•

ALTHOUGH we have resolved to give our readers at least a brief vacation from American politics and to spare them entirely from ponderous appraisals of the obvious, we feel that they will be as interested as we were in *WARNER BLOOMBERG, JR.'s* report on what his neighbors in Indiana are saying about the results of the election. Mr. Bloomberg has been an employee of U.S. Steel's sheet and tin mill in Gary, Indiana, and is now working in the field of union education at the University of Chicago.

The sports-car fad, reflecting a deep American craving for automotive individualism, is rapidly turning into a national rebellion against the uniformity of Detroit's products. Our authority on this trend, *RALPH STEIN,* is the author of *Sports Cars of the World* and the proud owner of a 1907 Welch, a 1927 Rolls-Royce brougham, and a Rover. An art editor and cartoonist during business hours, Mr. Stein illustrated his own article.

•

CHRISTOPHER GEROULD, who has written frequently for this magazine on what are known in the trade as "off-beat" subjects, offers evidence that the classical revival is still going down South.

The appearance of a short story in a magazine whose interests are predominantly factual is something of an innovation. But sometimes a short story can tell a lot more than a sociological essay, and we hope that this fictional report on children at play in the streets of a large city, by *ROBERT K. BINGHAM,* a member of our staff, will serve as an invitation to other writers.

H. W. BLAKELEY, who has reviewed Fleet Admiral Ernest J. King's book, is no armchair strategist. Major General Blakeley took command of the Fourth Infantry Division at the height of the German offensive through the Ardennes. The Fourth did a noteworthy job of holding its vital position on the south shoulder of the Bulge against great numerical odds.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE we shall present the first of two articles which we have been preparing over a period of months. We will tell how extensive the practice of wiretapping has become and how dangerous it may be to all of us unless positive legislative action is taken.

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MAX ASCOLI

To Our Next Secretary of State

SIR: Even before you are solemnly installed in the driver's seat, we think it is not inappropriate on our part to take a good look at the road that lies ahead of you. You certainly know that journalistic kibitzing, when free from an obsession with fault-finding, can be of considerable use to the men who conduct our domestic and foreign policy and to those who like to keep watch on where they are led. There isn't much of a democracy if the people who care about public affairs cannot check the statements and the information they receive from the men in power with the facts and ideas that are brought them by independent publications. Of course there is no possible competition between the government's sources of information and those of the press. Yet the public must have some nongovernmental access to the facts and some nongovernmental formulation of policies.

The function of an independent press (no, sir, we are not going to talk here about how much of an independent press we have) is exactly this: to use whatever information it can gather *as if* it were the government, *as if* it had the responsibility for devising and executing policies. If you want, sir, it is a "let's pretend" game, in which the press and public-minded citizens who ordinarily cannot know or do much about it try constantly to figure out how they would look at things and how they would act if they were in the driver's seat. We have no doubt that you, sir, do not consider this "let's pretend" a childish game. We have no doubt, either, that you fully realize the usefulness of articles like the two that follow in this issue of *The Reporter*. Indeed, we are inclined to assume the best about you and the way you are going to tackle your job—particularly since, at this writing, we do not know your name.

The European Front

Not to you, probably, but to most of our readers it will be quite a surprise to learn, from Theodore White's report on NATO, that the major European nations have grown impatient with our domestic quarrels about foreign priorities—Europe-first, or Asia-first, or Middle-East-first, and the like. The most responsible European statesmen know that the interests of Europe cannot be defended in Europe alone, and that the conflict between our alliance and international Communism is global. The French, of course, have to worry about Indo-China and the British about the Commonwealth. But even those European nations that have freed themselves of the leftovers of empire are vitally interested in what happens on other continents that can provide them with markets, with raw materials, or with outlets for emigration.

The nations of western Europe do not want to be the beneficiaries of American philanthropy forever, and, above all, they do not want to be dealt with as relief clients. With NATO, the Schuman Plan, and the European army, Europe has entered what may be called the constituent era—an era when new institutions are being formed on a pattern still difficult to define but which certainly will be somewhat federal in structure. There can be no certainty whatsoever of a successful outcome of the federal organization of western Europe, threatened as it is by nationalisms, Communist attacks from the inside or the outside, and blunders of American diplomacy. One thing, however, is certain: On the way toward unity, western Europe is well beyond the point of no return. Either the federal organization succeeds in the near future or there won't be much of a non-Communist Europe left.

Just as the defense of Europe cannot be achieved in Europe alone, so the progress toward stronger bonds among the allies cannot be limited to the western European nations. The whole free world has entered the constituent era. The broader the compact established among free peoples, the looser the ties will be; but no matter how loose, those ties must be of such a nature as to affect the institutions and the habits of every free nation involved—including our own.

Our allies want to have a chance to sell their prod-

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ucts to us as well as in other foreign markets, just as they want to have a say in the making of our major political decisions concerning war and peace. They want to gather enough strength among themselves to counterbalance our power, and, at the same time, to reach this goal they need our assistance—and not only in terms of weapons. Irrespective of their dependence on us, they want to be treated as equals, in order to become our equals.

The Asian Front

Our European allies are the first to recognize that the immediate threat to the free peoples' coalition lies in Asia. It is the extension of the Korean War that is now causing the major concern among the nations of the democratic coalition, just as it is on our policy toward China that the nations on our side are the most critical of our government. Yet it is here on the Asian front that the new Administration has its best chance to re-establish the prestige of American leadership. You must make clear, sir, what we want, how we can get it, and with whose help.

It seems plain that for the present, and probably for a long time to come, we cannot have any peace in the old-fashioned style with Red China. It seems equally plain that it would be suicidal to plunge into a larger war with Red China. Actually the best we can hope is that our relations with that country may become as cordial, characterized by as much mutual trust, as those we have had for quite some time with Soviet Russia. But it will at least be progress if, along the 38th parallel, the same kind of co-existence can be established that has been going on for several years in Berlin and Vienna.

What our nation wants is to stop the expansion of Communism in Asia—to stop it not only in that tragic land, where expansion has taken the form of open military aggression, but also on the rest of the Asian continent. In fact, this expansion has been halted during the last two years and a half only because of the fighting done by our soldiers and those of our allies in the Korean War. (Yes, Senator Taft called it "the Truman War," and we still hear the ranting of the next Vice-President: "Folks, I tell you that during each of the seven years of the Truman Administration one hundred million people have been taken over by Communism. . ." Sir, these are hard things to forget. That's all.)

But certainly, after having sealed off the Communist aggression in Korea at such a cost, and after having refused—and rightly so—to send back the Chinese prisoners of war who do not want to be shipped home, our nation cannot hand over to Mao the nearly ten million Formosans and Chinese refugees now living on that island. We cannot present the masters of the Red Chinese government with human raw material to be processed by "education," "confession," and murder. Cairo or no Cairo, and no matter what was promised in 1945 to the then government of China, the Reds must not get Formosa.

This will not be an easy goal to achieve, for we know by now what kind of bargainers the Red Chinese are. The price on our part may be that of allowing a certain amount of trade between Red China and the other nations of Asia, including Japan, plus the admission of Red China to the United Nations after the hostilities have stopped in Korea. Moreover, even this high price may not be enough to gain a settlement of the Formosan problem if our allies and the other non-Communist governments in the United Nations do not share our concern for the Formosan people.

Yet there should be enough fear of Communism, particularly in Asian countries like India, to make people realize that the lessening of the tension between the free world and international Communism cannot be achieved at the expense of the Formosans, and that it is exactly on this point that the free nations must close their ranks. This would mean, of course, as the Ravenholt article in this issue of *The Reporter* suggests, acceptance of the idea that there are two Chinas, one on the mainland and one on Formosa—just as, most probably, after the cessation of the hostilities, there will be two Koreas, as there are two Germanies. It would also mean that the old and new Formosans be given complete right of self-determination so that they may have a chance to say whether or not their present Kuomintang régime is to their liking. We cannot ask for democratic governments in every country we assist, but certainly one whose independence would be guaranteed by the allies and the United Nations cannot have an irremovable régime.

THE task ahead of you, sir, is enormous, and perhaps it would be a good idea if you accompanied the General on his trip to Korea. We consider it unlikely that the General will not make at least a stopover on Formosa, considering the influence of many Formosa-firsters in his party. A visit to Korea and Formosa will provide you and the General with a magnificent opportunity to show both your statesmanship and your independence of high-powered pressure groups.

As you see, we have not indulged here in malevolent kibitzing. After you and the General come back, perhaps we will gain some knowledge of what kind of Administration we are going to have.

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Has NATO Turned The Corner?

THEODORE H. WHITE

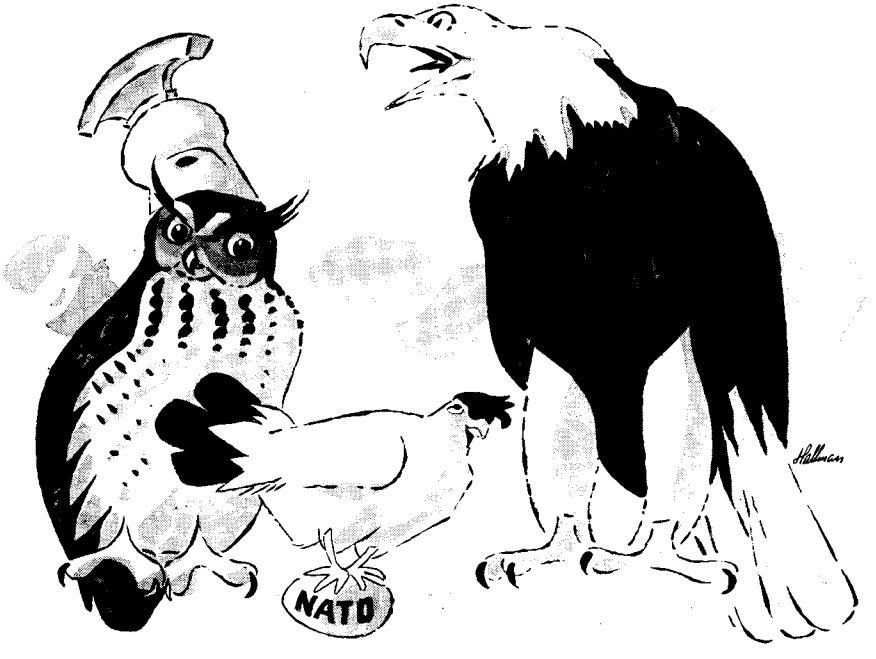
WITHIN five weeks of his election, General Eisenhower will be called upon to make some important decisions about his old outfit—NATO. The full Council of the North Atlantic Treaty powers has been scheduled to meet in Paris on December 15.

NATO Council meetings call together the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, National Defense, and Finance from all of the fourteen member powers except Iceland and Luxembourg. Each Minister brings with him at least a plane- or trainload of experts. About six planes will be needed to fly the 250-man American delegation from Washington to Paris, where they will join some 750 more Ministers, generals, experts, and assorted wise men. Two- and three-star generals, carrying bulging briefcases of top-secret data, will dart in and out of Council sessions like so many office boys.

At the Paris meeting—the tenth in NATO's history—NATO's Ministers will sit down to contemplate the first fruits of their organization's success. After three and a half years, the North Atlantic alliance has shaken down into an efficient, functioning institution—the closest approach (except for the Schuman Plan Authority) to an international governing body the world has ever known. It now has a highly effective military arm, a somewhat less effective but still valuable civilian arm, and the mechanism for gearing together in common purpose the separate fragments of a common civilization.

Many Tongues and Many Men

The most important of the instruments NATO has at its disposal is SHAPE—Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers Europe. SHAPE is functioning smoothly fourteen miles outside Paris. The low, gray gridiron in the Forest of Marly is probably not the best place to get the feel of what has already been accomplished.



A better place would have been the windswept bridge of an American carrier, operating in the North Sea with a screen of foreign destroyers during Operation MAINBRACE. One night the carrier's admiral ordered his screen to close up in front of him. On the radarscope he could see the luminous pips turn slowly, then fall precisely into pattern. "Do you know," the admiral said later, "it wasn't until morning that I could look out and tell what nationality they were. But they were all right there in place during the night." SHAPE is not the place for this feeling of the smooth blending of many tongues and many men in common adventure, but SHAPE is the place for facts and figures.

The most important fact is that NATO's force goals, set at the Lisbon conference last February, have been reasonably met by all participating powers. SHAPE now counts twenty-five active divisions (six American, four British, five French, three Belgian, five Italian, the others mixed). Everybody's arithmetic differs on the counting of reserve divisions—those that could be mobilized within three to thirty days. But of the Lisbon target of twenty-five reserve divisions, there are twenty-three in various states of readiness at the moment, and several cardboard divisions might be added to the total. This is the Central Force, in addition to which there are some thirty Greek and Turkish divisions, under a new headquarters, on the potential enemy's southern flank.

SHAPE's officers don't like to discuss the number of divisions they command—not because the number of divisions is secret, but because the word "division" is misleading. The worth and value of each unit varies widely, depending on such factors as supply,

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training, equipment, leadership, morale, and backing. Some of the greatest improvement that has been made during the last year does not show up in divisional figures. Conversely, the improvement in divisional figures frequently indicates only the creation of units which are now only twenty or thirty per cent effective. For example, France's five active divisions are now fully equipped—but with old Sherman tanks. American divisions are now being refitted with new M47s just off the production line, and as they are refitted, their M46s will probably be turned over to the French. The divisional figures will not change, but there will be an indefinable change in morale and hitting power.

Likewise, the British Army of the Rhine has the same number of divisions it had early this year, but it is now largely equipped with new Centurion tanks, though it is still weak in mediums. On the other hand, many of the new reserve divisions are paper-thin, lacking the necessary ordnance, maintenance, signal, and medical battalions to make them efficient. Thus, when the officers of SHAPE are pinned against the wall and asked to say flatly that present divisional strength meets the Lisbon goals, they hedge. The answer, they say, depends entirely on the quality—the staying power and field ability—of the new divisions so freshly formed on paper. Every general admits enormous progress toward the Lisbon goals; each soldier has a different measure of quality.

THE LONG struggle to create adequate bases for the Allied Air Force in Europe is now all but won. By the end of this year there will be nearly one hundred airstrips or fields in western Europe that can be used by combat planes, either permanently or in emergency. The actual strength of the Allied Air Force has also been increased. It will come within ten per cent of achieving the Lisbon goal of four thousand operational planes, and the quality of the force is rising as the new models reach combat units.

Another improvement has been the sudden spurt in American supplies in the past few weeks. After two years during which some Europeans described the American military aid program with the Chinese expression "Loud noise on staircase but nobody comes down stairs," American supplies are now rolling in. A little over a year ago, American tank production was only eighty a month, and Korea had first call. Today it's over eight hundred a month and rising. One SHAPE officer remarked the other day, "A month ago we were still in the stage of screaming at them back home, 'Can't you give us a dozen? We've got guys waiting to train with them.' Now, this week, we find ourselves saying, 'Hold up until we make sure they've got people who know how to use them.' "

After morale, American supplies are perhaps the single most vital element in the whole structure of European defense. Except for the British, every second western division in Europe is made up of European manpower and American hardware. Seventy per cent of the heavy equipment—tanks, trucks, artillery, combat vehicles—comes from American arsenals; so does fifty per cent of the communications equipment. Thirty-five per cent of the over-all cost of each European division, except the British, is borne out of American military aid.

How About Ridgway?

A last important element of change is in the personality of a single man —SHAPE's new commander, General Matthew Ridgway. There is in Ridgway none of Eisenhower's warmth, little of Eisenhower's intuitional perception of politics, little of the obvious yearning to be loved that typified SHAPE's first commander. But there is something else—a hard, cold, impeccably correct manner of command. No one smiles after Ridgway as he walks down the corridors, but the respect given him is electric. If Eisenhower was the indispensable recruiting sergeant of SHAPE's soldiery, Ridgway is the drill sergeant who can make a fighting army of it. A hard worker (ten-hour days, frequently seven-day weeks), an indefatigable traveler (he has visited every nation in his command except Portugal), he has taken control of his job with a sure grip. If he has made less impression on Europe's sensitive political leaders than Eisenhower did, he has made a greater impression on its top officers.

To be sure, there are flaws and blemishes in this rosy picture of NATO's military strength. Air strength is still much too low. Almost nothing has been done

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for the civil air defense of the great continental cities of western Europe. Only London has minimal radar and anti-aircraft protection; the others are naked. Though the command chain has finally been clarified so that General Ridgway could, in the event of attack, move to secret operational headquarters, lift a phone, and transmit his orders down the line, the personalities in the chain of command are in many cases ill-sorted. The weakest link in the chain, though no one will admit this at SHAPE, is probably General Alphonse Juin, who commands Land Force, Central Front. Juin is a cold, battle-tried soldier with an excellent combat record. But he is full of his own importance and plays politics more than he should. He would probably be replaced if the French could find another senior general of equivalent prestige—but it is dogma that the French must command the central front, and they can find no substitute. There are other flaws and weaknesses; but when they are all added up and a balance is struck, the conclusion is that today in central Europe we can marshal more and better hitting power than is immediately available to the Soviet Union.

The key word is "immediately." None of the officers at SHAPE delude themselves into thinking that their forces could resist an all-out onslaught by the Soviets. The present command in Europe might be able to fight for two weeks or a month, might be able to withdraw and then hold the Rhine for six weeks, but after that it would run out of fuel, ammunition, guns, and troops. This, then, is the great problem of the next two years. Before this army can hope for victory in an all-out war, the present structure must be backed in depth with all the planes, all the tanks, all the pipelines, all the communications needed for the manpower we can now summon. Before its commander can freely order his divisions from sector to sector, another huge effort must be made to create a network of supply and maintenance depots. This reserve structure, however, costs money. And the question of money brings the soldiers of SHAPE, hat in hand, to the civilians "downtown."

"Downtown" means the Permanent Secretariat and Permanent Council of NATO, 150 men hived away in the soft-padded corridors of the temporary annex of the Palais de Chaillot above the Seine. This white U-shaped building, built originally as temporary shelter for the United Nations General Assembly, has been occupied since spring by the civilian arm of the Atlantic alliance.

Perhaps NATO's greatest progress has taken place in just this building during the past six months. Of course, any progress at all in the civilian machinery must be measured against a history of the fumbling, bungling, and confusion that caused one American observer to moan: "I don't see how you could possibly put so many smart men together for so long and get them to make so little sense."

The Permanent Secretariat and Council of NATO now make sense at last. They function as a supervisory civilian agency that keeps the total effort of the Atlantic community under review, noting developing strains and clarifying problems that are to be decided by the Council of Ministers at meetings such as the one that will be held on December 15.

THE EASIEST way of showing what the permanent civilian staff does is to look at its operations over the past few weeks. Its chief current exercise is something called the Annual Review. This is the matching of the organization's military requirements, as they filter down from SHAPE, against the economic and political resources of the member nations.

The over-all force requirements of western Europe were set long ago by the generals at ninety-six divisions—the theoretical guarantee of security from Soviet invasion. The Lisbon conference accepted this purely theoretical judgment and translated the programming of defense into immediate force goals, interim planning goals, and long-term goals, which would be reviewed as they were approached. The NATO Secretariat was given the task of keeping the progress of each nation toward its goal under constant review.

Thus, now that the immediate 1952 goal of fifty divisions has been substantially met, NATO's Secretariat is studying how much of last year's interim planning goal can be made firm as the immediate goal for 1953. By June of this year, the three generals comprising NATO's standing group in Washington had decided what they would recommend for 1953. The soldiers at SHAPE in Paris reviewed this recom-

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mendation and made their comments. The combined estimate went to NATO. This is still secret, but it is believed to recommend no increase in standing D-day divisions and only modest increases in reserve divisions. While the soldiers were hammering out their requests, NATO's civilian arm was sending out detailed questionnaires to each of the fourteen member nations, questioning them on how close they would come to the Lisbon targets in manpower and production.

As is the experience of all international groups with such questionnaires, they have been late in coming back. Although due in Paris on August 15, only four replies had arrived by the end of October. Since then answers have come with a rush; only three national surveys are now needed to complete the review. Of the dilatory three, only Britain's is expected to be delayed so seriously as to inconvenience the great meeting. (Britain's delay, it should be noted, is not merely technical but rests on a deeper political hesitancy than meets the eye.) When they are all in, NATO will have a picture of both what the generals want and what chances they have of getting it. The first work to be done by the Council when it meets later this month will be to try to cover the gap.

MEANWHILE numerous political problems have been screened for the consideration of the Ministers. Since such work is new for NATO, these operations are still primitive, still uncertain. On the agenda of various study groups are the questions of the meaning of the recent Communist congress in Moscow, the present status of German rearmament, the huge drain of Asia on European resources, and ways and means of exciting a little enthusiasm for NATO among the peoples of Europe.

All this work represents progress. But there are weaknesses on the civilian side as well as on the military side. The chief American complaint is that the Permanent Secretariat lacks drive, that its chief, Lord Ismay, has failed to give it the vigorous leadership that had been hoped for. The routine answer to this complaint is that leadership cannot be given by a servant of the Ministers' Council, but only by the Council Ministers themselves.

Defense vs. Finance Ministers

The full-dress Council will sit down this month around the green baize table, the advisers and specialists clustered behind the delegates in whispering knots, to study two kinds of questions: a first category of routine administrative and financial problems and a second category of strategic and political policy.

Most of the bitterness will be produced by less important questions in the first category. Between what the generals want and what the civilians wish to put up is a gap of billions of dollars. Every civilian economy in Europe is now strained to its utmost. Even the generals realize this. Most people believe the generals will take as small a target as fifty-five divisions for 1953, provided they are given the all-important reserve supplies and backing they require to make their command flexible. Even this reduced goal will require enormous sums. The next slice of "infrastructure" (the pipelines, supply chains, ordnance depots, communications, and airfields which the allies must share in common) is estimated at about $750 million, and no national budget has made any provision for any share of this sum.

The Europeans, after adding up all they can do, after the squabbling that usually lines all the Defense Ministers up against all the Finance Ministers in an international administrative civil war, will probably turn to the United States and ask it to pick up the tab for the gap between what they can afford and what the generals require. After much groaning, the United States will probably do this, if only in order to maintain the alliance.

But how the United States picks up the tab is just as important as how much of the tab it picks up. Congress is usually willing to pay for arms; and with American arms production now reaching a postwar peak and with about $9 billion of past appropriations for arms aid still on the way through the pipeline, the hardware bill for the European divisions should be met easily. Congress has, however, an ingrained habit of acting as if a dollar earmarked for guns were a dollar spent for virtue and a dollar given freely for the purchase of cotton, oil, or wheat a dollar spent for sin.

Unfortunately, free dollars for Europe are just as important as dollars frozen into tanks and planes. They are important because they can be used in "offshore procurement" to expand domestic arms industries in Europe, because they help bridge the still yawning dollar gap, and because of a new tendency toward stagnation in the European economy, which has developed since the Lisbon conference.

For the first time since the desperate year of 1947, the rate of economic recovery in western Europe has slowed down. Year by year since 1947 the European economy has been expanding,

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providing the margin for a higher standard of living and for increasing arms expenditures. But now, at a time when arms expenditures continue to rise, it has stopped expanding.

If we measure business activity in Europe by taking 1948 as an index of 100, it reached 140 in the first quarter of 1952. There it stopped. In the second quarter of this year it fell off by one point—the first fall in five years. The third quarter, for which statistics are not yet compiled, was apparently somewhat worse.

There is no one single reason for the change. It seems to be the result of many things: of Spartan efforts to control inflation, which in some countries (particularly the Scandinavian) have kicked off a deflationary spiral; of the final filling of the world's pent-up postwar demand, notably in textiles; of timidity among European businessmen over what they believe to be the imminent threat of an American slump. But most of all it seems to have been caused by tapering off of early postwar national investment programs (like the Monnet Plan) which were largely financed by Marshall aid. Having reached their first plateau of planned expansion, the European countries seem unable to gather strength for the next surge of expansion—at least not under the present burden of arms and rearmament.

THIS IS NOT just a matter of economic statistics. It is the essence of the political struggle with Communism in Europe. One of the overpowering facts of life in Europe is the impact on men's minds of the constant, unceasing planned expansion of production in the Soviet Union and its satellites. The fact that Communism is a system of slavery and terror is known, bone-deep, all through Europe. But the fact that the Soviet empire grows in strength and riches each year seduces many otherwise reluctant Europeans. The basic theory of the Marshall Plan was that the growth of economic strength could take place in the West without the sacrifice of liberty. The breaking of the rhythm of growth now, if allowed to persist, can be politically catastrophic. It is this that will cause some European spokesmen to assert—like the Bevanites in Britain—that at the moment a billion American dollars to prime a new rise in European production is more important than a billion dollars in direct arms aid.

The problem of stagnation in European production leads directly into the second category of questions to be taken up by the Foreign Ministers of the NATO countries—problems that are not matters of arithmetic or administration but of political judgment, of essential response to the Communist challenge.

The Larger Questions

A colonel at SHAPE declared recently, "In the next year the problems of European defense will probably arise outside of Europe, not in it." Or, as it was put by an official of the Mutual Security Agency in Paris, "It may sound obscene to talk of cutting down Europe's dollar aid, but I tell you it's obscene for us to use any more money here while the Middle East and Southeast Asia are in the state they're in."

After three years of convulsive effort, the western powers have brought their state of defensive readiness in Europe to the point where a stern continuation

of effort will bring us to safety in another two or three years. But in those two or three years, Asia, the Middle East, and Africa may be ablaze with new conflicts. In 1948, when NATO was conceived, the Communists had seized Czechoslovakia, almost pinched off Berlin, and threatened the rest of western Europe. Now the collective effort of western defense has met the challenge. The peril now presses at points far distant from Europe. In Paris, not only Americans but Europeans feel that this is the time for the Atlantic community to stop and consider whether the periphery of the alliance does not deserve our attention more than the center.

Already, the situations in Asia and the Middle East have changed the strategy of the chief countries of NATO. Americans know only too well the drain of the Korean War. Britain and France are even more strained by their global commitments. The French effort in Indo-China takes a debilitating toll of French manpower and matériel. The British effort, though less exhausting in blood, is almost of the same order of physical strain. The British maintain four divisions in Germany, but their real strategic reserve is in the Middle East, and Malaya requires two more divisions for fighting Communists in the jungle; Kenya, Hong Kong, and Korea all require troops. One British estimate is that there are always forty thousand British troops in the pipeline between home and overseas stations.

NATO's Permanent Secretariat in Paris has been approaching the problem gingerly, realizing that dealing effectively with Communism at these distant points is essential to the corelands of democracy around the shores of the Atlantic. But there are differences of opinion. Some of the smaller nations—particularly the Scandinavian ones—do not feel that their defense should be linked to that of the other side of the globe. Other nations without colonial interests—such as Italy—do, however, believe that NATO is the proper forum for this debate.

DIFFERENCES among the smaller powers, while annoying, carry none of the critical significance of the differences that divide Britain and France. The British, it appears, do not want to discuss global strategy within the framework of NATO. Churchill is now hoping, according to a widespread rumor, to review the world situation with President Eisenhower directly and not to be hampered by the frustrations of a Council that includes twelve lesser nations. This may explain the British tardiness in answering NATO's questionnaire on British plans.

The French are not only alarmed by the prospect of a superior Anglo-Saxon communion in world affairs which excludes them, but are insistent on global

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discussions at NATO for another and more urgent reason.

The reason for French insistence is simple: The inclusion of Asian problems will strengthen France's hand in the discussions of another major policy problem—Germany. As matters stand now, the French Assembly is in no mood to ratify the European army pact that will bring the Germans into western defense. Even men who have labored most tirelessly on its drafting are gloomy. They say, as has been said so often, that France will not enter a European army with the Germans so long as the drain on manpower and resources in Indo-China condemns France to an inferior place in that army. If someone else—meaning the United States—will take over the major portion of the French burden in Asia, France will consent to join the European army. If someone else doesn't, then there will be no European army and there will have to be a complete re-examination of how the Germans are to be brought into European defense, if at all.

Since the departure from Paris of Dwight Eisenhower and David Bruce, the godfathers of the European army, American diplomats and soldiers alike have taken an attitude of apparent lack of interest in the European army. Both soldiers and diplomats want Washington to handle that one; no one on the spot wants to stick his neck out. American soldiers of equal eminence are divided. Some say there can be no European defense at all without the Germans; others say that it would be possible without them, but only on the basis of a revised strategy of holding only as far east as the Rhine. Thus the question of response to the challenge in Europe hangs in the air. Will America pay the French price to permit the formation of an entirely new European community? Will the Germans be brought in as a national army in a coalition of western armies or will they be left out altogether?

The Lame Ducks

It is probably safe to say that not one European spokesman in ten wants the Council to meet on its scheduled date of December 15. But not one in ten would agree to postponement.

This ambivalence is the result of the clash between the rhythm of American and European politics. The American election has made the American delegation in Paris a group of men who, with the best will in the world, cannot act with singleness of purpose and decision. The delegation will be an amalgam of tired people who are through and new people who are uncertain. "No one in Europe wants to talk to Acheson after November 4," said one diplomat here in Paris. "We want to talk to the new man and he can't make any decisions by December 15."

Despite their reluctance to speak to men going out of office, the Europeans nevertheless insist that the Council meet as scheduled. It must meet because all the European countries must draw up their budgets and wheedle appropriations out of parliaments between January and April of the new year. And they cannot plan their budgets or make commitments until they know how much aid the United States will give, and how much they will be required to contribute to the common effort next year.

THERE HAVE been two kinds of conferences in NATO history. Of the first kind were the Brussels (1950) and Lisbon (1952) meetings, where great decisions were taken—to create SHAPE, to name Eisenhower to command, to invite Germans into western defense, to subordinate the military to civilian control in the alliance. All other conferences have been of the second kind—sessions in which men groped blindly through the murk trying to clarify problems sharply enough for governments to return another time and make the great decisions. Thus, the conferences at Ottawa and Rome in 1951 were the necessary preludes to the climax of Lisbon last February.

The Paris conference promises to be of the second kind. It will probably settle only the dry details of shipment, infrastructure, and initial down payments of American aid. Yet out of it, if it is successful, will come something very important: a clear delineation of President Eisenhower's first problems in foreign policy—whether and how the Germans are to be armed; what new approach can be taken toward the stagnation of European economies; whether and how Atlantic resources can be found and diverted from Europe to quench the outbreaks elsewhere; how, in short, the fluid and unstable world that lies between us and the Communists can be subjected to democratic rather than Communist encirclement.

For Dwight Eisenhower, this conference will offer a novel experience. For a year and a half, as NATO's chief executive, he has been on the soldier's side of the table—asking for decisions. Now it is his turn to make some.

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Our Opportunity On Formosa

ALBERT RAVENHOLT

A NECESSARY part of any attempt to achieve a settlement in Korea and relative stability in the Far East is a decision concerning the future of Formosa and the Chinese Nationalist government. American failure to make such a decision and act accordingly could encourage another Communist attack such as the one we were not prepared to meet in Korea.

It is evident that if the Communists are to be contained in North Korea we have no choice but to maintain an indefinite military holding operation while developing political and social resistance to Communist tactics of subversion. It is equally evident that one of the best spots for us to demonstrate our peaceful intentions toward Asia is Formosa.

There has been a tendency to assume that opportunities for encouraging "Titoism" offer the solution to coping with Chinese Communism in the Far East. Actually, there is mounting evidence that even if the Chinese Communists should lean away from Russia, they may be capable in the future of becoming on their own more of a problem to America and its allies than the Soviet Union is now.

A more realistic appraisal of what our policy should be in the Far East must begin with these four crucial questions:

Is it inevitable that all significant elements of the Chinese race, comprising about one-fifth of mankind, will be submerged in the Communist scheme?

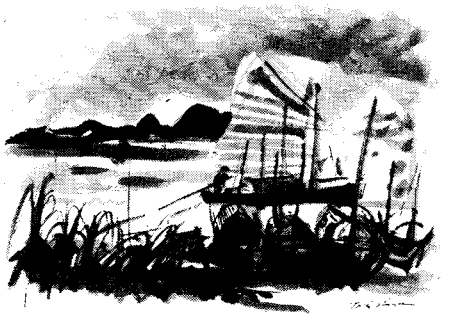
How important is Formosa to the defense of Japan, the Philippines, and other countries in the Far East with which the United States is allied?

What price must the United States pay for keeping the Communists out of Formosa?

How will American long-range interests in the Far East be served by such continued support and protection of the island?

TO ANSWER these questions we must first consider American action regarding Formosa to date. In June, 1950, when the North Korean Communists attacked across the 38th parallel, the Nationalists, who had retreated to Formosa the previous year, were expecting a Chinese Communist invasion. The Chinese Communist high command had assembled an impressive force for this final attempt to eliminate the Nationalist government and terminate the civil war that had continued intermittently since 1928.

To meet the attack, the then disorganized remnants of the Nationalist government had a defeated and disorderly army, several hundred old planes of all types, and odd naval units. Most of the arms, ammunition, and equipment had been left behind on the mainland. The air force and naval



units lacked essential replacement parts and supplies. The nearly eight million native Formosans resented the almost two million civilian and military refugees who had come crowding in on their island. The Formosans also resented the misgovernment of postwar Nationalist administrations.

In the spring of 1950 leaders of Formosan revolutionary groups talked darkly of using the confusion resulting from a Communist invasion to get rid of all mainland Chinese, Communists and Nationalists alike. The weary and impoverished low-ranking Chinese government servants, teachers, and others who had fled across the face of China before the Communist advance knew they had no means of escape if the Red forces once established themselves on the island.

WHEN, at the outbreak of the Korean War, President Harry Truman ordered the U.S. Seventh Fleet in to protect Formosa, the Nationalists were suddenly given a future. Their once faint hopes for direct American intervention in the Chinese civil war had become a dependable reality. The few Nationalists who objected to the American prohibition on Nationalist attacks on the mainland did so largely for the record; most of them were aware that they lacked the capacity to hurt the Communists seriously. Chiang Kai-shek offered to provide 33,000 Nationalist troops for Korea. But the troops the Generalissimo indicated he would send lacked modern arms and effective organization. And American troops in Korea and Japan then were themselves short on equipment and ammunition. Dispatch of Chinese troops to Korea at that time would have weakened Formosa's skimpy defenses and provided another excuse for the Chinese Communists, who were still standing by, to intervene in Korea.

As the United States mobilized to fight the war in Korea, however, American policy on Formosa gradually changed. Wives of American diplomats and other officials, originally evacuated in anticipation of a Communist attack, were permitted to return. The Ameri-

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can economic aid program under ECA, which had operated on a stopgap basis to help prevent economic collapse and inflation from engulfing the Nationalist government, was extended. The skeletonized American diplomatic staff was gradually enlarged to cope with increasing responsibilities.

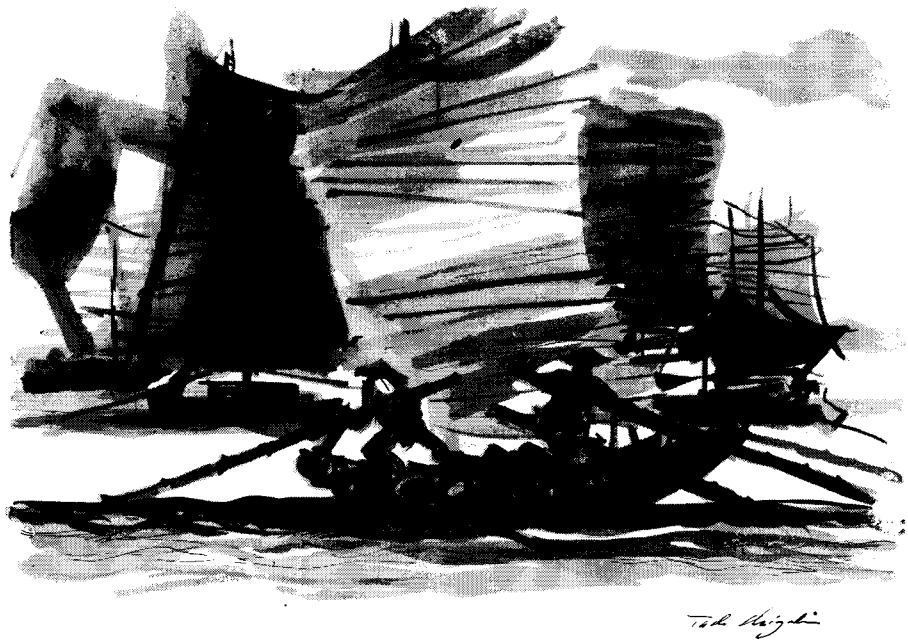
What We Did Right

The most successful American effort on Formosa to date has been the economic aid program, organized first by ECA and more recently taken over by the Mutual Security Administration. The program has provided significant guides to what could be successfully attempted elsewhere in Asia. Prior to the outbreak of the Korean War, Formosa received about $40 million in the form of cotton, fertilizer, wheat, petroleum, medical supplies, and other commodities.

Since June, 1950, an additional $250 million has been appropriated for economic assistance to the Nationalist government. Most of these funds have been used to cover the cost of essential imports, including cotton, petroleum, soya beans, and the chemical fertilizer so necessary to maintain Formosa's agricultural production. Proceeds from the sale of these commodities are used to meet the Chinese government's budget deficit, finance construction of military facilities such as barracks, and meet local currency costs on other phases of the aid program.

The United States government has helped rehabilitate and expand Formosan industry. Through MSA, American taxpayers finance the employment by the Chinese of the services of the J. G. White Engineering Corporation, which provides needed technical skills. The MSA mission uses appropriated funds to pay for importing some of the necessary parts and machinery, and cooperates with the Chinese authorities to provide working capital for key industries. This American co-operation with some very able Chinese engineers has resulted in steadily expanding production.

On V.-J. Day, electric-power production on Formosa had been reduced to about 50,000 kilowatts. Before the end of this year power production on the island is expected to be six times that. Domestic production of chemical fertilizer, which reached 104,000 tons in 1951, is expected to increase by fifty per cent in 1952. Other industries, many of them originally built up by the Japanese, are also being rehabilitated, but less effectively.



THE MOST significant accomplishments of the American aid program, however, have been achieved through the work of the Chinese and American Joint Commission on Rural Reconstruction. This commission, originally established under the provisions of the China Aid Act of 1948, is composed of Chinese and American agricultural specialists. It is through this commission that the United States government has made its first comprehensive attempt to help apply the lessons of modern science to the rural economic and social problems that breed discontent and misery in most Asian countries.

The lessons learned on the mainland by the commission's specialists in the last hectic months of the civil war have been used on Formosa to develop a program that has affected almost every phase of Formosan farm life. During fifty years of Japanese rule a high percentage (for Asia) of the island's farmers were taught to read and write and initiated into the use of chemical fertilizer and simple machinery. The commission has worked through local sponsoring agencies, such as government research stations, farmers' associations, and local health centers, to carry forward this work. Improved rice seed has been distributed throughout the island to help produce more than 1.5 million tons of rice annually—the highest yield in the island's history. Introduction of hybrid hogs and island-wide vaccination against hog cholera has helped raise the pig population from about 1.3 million two and a half years ago to nearly 1.9 million. This is important news for Chinese, who rarely eat beef but relish pork and frequently calculate their standard of living by the number of days a month they can afford meat.

The commission has found that in order to secure the maximum in efficient farm production and encourage rural stability, it is necessary to ensure healthy social change and a more equitable distribution of income. This has been accomplished to date primarily by helping the Chinese authorities carry through a land-reform program. In its initial phase the program reduced all rents from 50 to 60 per cent of the crop to a maximum of 37.5 per cent. Tenants were given written contracts and legal protection that provided security of tenure. Secondly, land confiscated from the Japanese was sold to tenants at reasonable prices.

The third phase of the program calls for government purchase of large private holdings and sale of this land in small parcels to tenants. The program has already provided greater incentives and more working capital for the majority of farmers. Falling profits from investment in land have also encouraged wealthy Formosans to shift their investments to industry and business. However, if the benefits from this pro-

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gram are to achieve their maximum effect it will be necessary to develop workable rural credit facilities to replace the moneylenders, who charge interest rates equal to seven per cent per month and thereby siphon off some of the returns on increased production.

This many-sided economic-aid program has helped hold together Formosa's economy and prevented it from collapsing under the burden of feeding and paying the overstaffed Nationalist bureaucracy and military establishment. It also has helped some of China's ablest administrators, who fled from the mainland, to reassemble the tattered pieces of their government, stabilize the currency, and plan systematically for the future. Chinese experts now estimate that if the American aid program is continued at somewhat less than its present rate for another six years and includes the financing of essential capital industrial goods, Formosa can be made economically self-supporting. This estimate, however, does not take account of the long-term consequences of Formosa's population increase. The birth rate on the island exceeds 48 per 1,000 and the death rate is about 11 per 1,000. This ratio will more than double the population in less than twenty-five years. Since the island has only two million acres of arable land, which is now producing the highest annual average yields of any area in the Far East, most of the increase in population must be supported through development of industry. Even if capital is found to exploit Formosa's industrial possibilities, including its 2.5-million-kilowatt hydroelectric potential, it will still be necessary to limit the rate of population increase in order to avoid a falling standard of living.

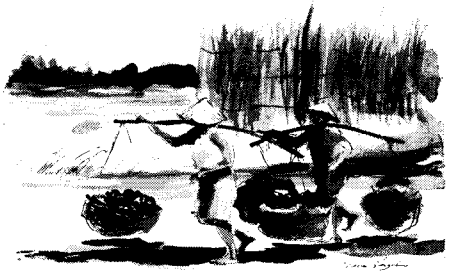
Too Many Generals

Compared with the success of our economic assistance, the strengthening of Formosa's defenses has been disappointing. The Nationalist military number almost 650,000 men. This includes the navy, air force, service forces, political officers, garrison forces, and ground forces. Although most of the armies were lost on the mainland, practically the entire Ministry of Defense—Chinese equivalent of our Pentagon—escaped to Formosa and added to the superabundance of generals, admirals, and other officers. Many of the soldiers were ailing and aging men who escaped from the mainland because they had been assigned to rear-area service near the ports.

On May 1, 1951, the U.S. Military Assistance Advisory Group was officially established on Formosa. The MAAG, now numbering about six hundred American officers and men, was assigned to reorganize, train, and equip the Nationalist forces for the defense of Formosa and maintenance of internal security. It is estimated that by now the group has spent almost $300 million, primarily for the purchase and shipment of arms, ammunition, vehicles, medical supplies, rations, uniforms, and more specialized equipment. Chinese requests for these supplies are screened by the American staff before the materials are ordered.

These American military advisers have helped the Chinese substantially to improve the diet and uniforms of Nationalist troops, and this is reflected in improved morale. They have made real progress in providing Formosa with better airfields, an improved airwarning system, modern harbor equipment, and many of the other facilities needed for a military establishment. But the important job of reorganizing Nationalist forces has progressed very slowly. Surveys by American officers indicate that perhaps 300,000 men within the Nationalist military establishment could be made combat effectives. In order to accomplish this, however, a thorough reorganization of the military structure would be needed. Artillery, armored forces, infantry, the Air Force, and the Navy all have operated in a semi-autonomous manner and are jealous of their identities. Old personal rivalries among the generals continue to block effective unification and training in combined operations. The corps of political officers commanded by the Generalissimo's elder son, General Chiang Ching-kuo, has representatives in almost every unit. They are assigned to indoctrinate the troops and watch the loyalty of all officers and men. While the system limits opportunities for subversion, it also generates suspicion and intrigue and prevents the development of an effective chain of command.

Whenever Americans in the MAAG have tried to eliminate such military humbug, which cost so many battles on the mainland, they have discovered that as advisers they are powerless to



affect the crucial personal relationships that hobble effective action. As a consequence there is not in existence on Formosa a first-rate combat army ready for action. Some responsible American military men are hopeful that within a year they can raise the present Nationalist military to its maximum combat effectiveness. But they have not yet solved the problem of retiring overaged Nationalist mainland troops and finding replacements. The Chinese Ministry of Defense is reluctant to incorporate a large number of native Formosans into its armies. Some experienced military observers doubt that adequate progress can be made unless Nationalist troops are sent on rotation to Korea, where they would be under United Nations command, or an American is placed in charge of the forces on Formosa. Meanwhile, United States taxpayers can anticipate continued but somewhat reduced expenditures to supply the Nationalists with arms, ammunition, and equipment, and to maintain these facilities.

Thought Control as Usual

While the United States has invested heavily in providing Formosa with economic and military aid, no significant effort has been made to use these to our maximum diplomatic advantage. This is mainly reflected in the American failure to help the ordinary native and mainland Chinese on Formosa to

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win a greater degree of democracy. The most obvious evidence of this is the lack of legal protection for individual citizens on the island, whose lives and liberties are now at the mercy of a crude system of military justice. In an effort to clean out Communist agents, the Nationalists have developed several powerful secret police organizations that sometimes compete with each other. They have acted ruthlessly in imposing curfews, conducting periodic and systematic house-to-house searches, often at night, and arresting vast numbers of suspects.

Several thousand people are now in jail, where many of them have been held for more than two years without benefit of public trial. These methods have enabled the Nationalists to capture and execute some real Communist agents and frighten others off the island. They have also intimidated the great majority of ordinary citizens and stifled freedom of public expression. An average Chinese on Formosa knows he can be arrested at night by a police squad, tried by a military court-martial, and sentenced, with dim prospects of appeal. He may be picked up because he has engaged in subversive activities or has suspicious friends. He may also be arrested because an enemy or business competitor has denounced him to the authorities.

Chinese officials claim they are making progress in correcting these abuses. Recent regulations provide that no civilian shall be arrested without a civil police warrant. Enforcement of this provision should make it possible to trace persons who disappear by providing the civil authorities with a record of individuals arrested by the various secret police organizations. The accused are now entitled to defense counsel and are permitted to have their families and material witnesses present during a military trial. The authority of the civil courts has been extended to include violations of economic regulations. But the military and police lack respect for civilian authority. Until an independent civilian judiciary is established with the means to make separate investigations and with supreme authority to act on the cases of all civilians, there is little prospect that Formosa's ordinary citizens will experience effective rule by law.

The local elections carried out on Formosa last year reflected this same lack of respect for rule by law. Candidates in southern Formosa, where the first balloting was held, were permitted considerable freedom to campaign. But when it became obvious that native Formosans were winning most of the contests, the Kuomintang moved in on the subsequent elections in northern Formosa, and there its candidates usually won. In some municipalities where its candidates were defeated, the Kuomintang exercises indirect control through the police or by placing party men in the same offices with the local officials. Nationalist leaders have justified this practice on the basis that most Formosans are not experienced in managing public affairs.

These political developments reflect a basic conflict within the Nationalist régime. Some Nationalist leaders, strongly influenced by western education and ideas, want to build a genuinely democratic society that protects the rights of the individual. But these men, who include several Cabinet members and the island's governor, lack a systematic program for applying their ideas. Most real authority belongs to another group of leaders who control the Kuomintang Reform Committee. Chiang Kai-shek, as director-general of the party, appointed the sixteen members of this policymaking body. These men talk about democracy, but instead of working effectively for it, they busy themselves with tightening the party's discipline and control. The evidence suggests they want to postpone all serious attempts to establish a more democratic rule until "after the mainland is liberated." Like the Chinese Communist Party, the Kuomintang officially subscribes to the organizational principle of "democratic centralism." Theoretically, this permits open discussion in party meetings but requires that all members follow the party's line of action. In practice it encourages domination of the party machinery by the top leaders.

Although many ordinary Chinese on Formosa are dissatisfied with this state of political affairs, they lack the ideas and education to help themselves. The Japanese introduced universal primary education on the island and taught Formosans just enough to enable them to understand police orders. But they carefully excluded all "dangerous thoughts"—such as democracy. Since the Chinese administration was re-established in 1945, teachers have lacked the funds and facilities to develop an adequate educational system. They have also been intimidated by the activities of the secret police informers who are active in most schools. The kind of vigorous intellectual life that characterized the refugee universities in Free China during the war with Japan is not found today on Formosa. Even in purely technical fields, not enough qualified scientists, engineers, administrators, doctors, and agricultural specialists are being trained. American diplomats and other officials often have failed to use their opportunities for helping constructive-minded Chinese build a more viable society. The American representatives seem to be afraid that if they take positive action they will not be supported by their superiors in Washington.

Poor Advertisement

At the present time the United States is paying a high price throughout Asia for this failure to develop a more attractive society on Formosa. Lack of legal protection has discouraged private Chinese and other businessmen from investing in Formosan development and made United States aid more expensive. Chinese engineers, doctors and other professionals now in America and elsewhere, whose services are urgently needed on the island, are not willing to go there. There are more than ten million overseas Chinese in Southeast Asia, where they control much of the business life. The un-

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savory reputation of the Nationalist government, combined with its sometimes shortsighted tactics, has prevented it from effectively organizing these overseas Chinese communities to resist Communist penetration. However, the most damaging consequences of Formosa's lack of political appeal has been among the Chinese in Hong Kong and on the mainland who are disillusioned with Communist rule. For them the Nationalists have failed to become an effective rallying point. Instead of cooperating with all anti-Communist elements, the Nationalists devote considerable energy toward eliminating competing groups who are actively opposing China's Red rulers.

Dire Straits

Although pressure for an American decision concerning Formosa grows in part out of these developments on the island, the greatest compulsions result from the grave troubles that loom in the Far East. It is in connection with these that Formosa's future must be weighed.

If the Korean War ends with the signing of a truce such as that now being discussed, the Chinese Communists will be free to shift a substantial portion of their armies and air units south to attack Formosa. Should the Chinese Red military build-up continue at about its present rate, it is estimated that within a matter of months the Communists will be strong enough to threaten the island even if the struggle in Korea continues. The preparations they are reported to have made suggest that in time the Chinese high command in Peking can choose between two alternative lines of action: First, the Chinese Red Air Force, with its estimated 2,400 combat planes, can initiate air strikes against Formosa. The Communist planes can base at recently reconditioned airfields deep in the interior of China and strike from the new coastal airfields in Fukien Province. Second, the Chinese Communists can organize a full-scale invasion of the island, using their air force to neutralize defensive action by American naval units.

The growing possibility of such Communist attacks against Formosa can require the commitment of steadily larger United States naval and air strength in the area and increase the danger of all-out war with China. American reliance upon meeting a Communist attack by bombing the mainland may prove unrealistic. The Japanese failure before Pearl Harbor to break Free China's resistance suggests the relative ineffectiveness of large-scale bombing in agricultural China. The Chinese Communist leaders, who now have their own powerful air force, have themselves survived during several decades when they were repeatedly attacked by Japanese and Nationalist airplanes.

A Chinese Communist attack on Formosa would also catch the United States off base diplomatically. American action to protect Formosa has been unilateral and lacks United Nations sanction. It was originally opposed by some important non-Communist member countries of the United Nations. If the Communists forced the issue now, the U.S. State Department would need to do some skillful patchwork to hold together the common front of the western democracies and their allies in the Far East.

Why We Stay

One alternative to our present policy and its attendant risks is withdrawal of protection from Formosa and its Chinese Nationalist government. This would avoid the danger of early direct warfare with the Chinese Communists in the area and leave United States naval and air strength free for use elsewhere. Such withdrawal of American protection would open Formosa to Communist conquest; all available evidence indicates that the Nationalists alone could not for long hold off an attack such as the Chinese Communists now can mount.

Communist capture of Formosa would subject almost ten million more Chinese, both islanders and mainlanders, to Red tyranny and create serious strategic difficulties for the West. The sea and air lanes linking Japan with its necessary sources of raw materials and food in the Philippines and Southeast Asia would be cut. The large American military and naval bases on such islands as Okinawa and Luzon would be exposed to attack. The British crown colony of Hong Kong would become even more isolated. The limited Nationalist military potential would be lost to the West. By conquest of the island the Communists would succeed in imposing their image on all indigenous elements of one of the world's greatest civilizations, thus eliminating any effective competition for the allegiance of the Chinese people. Finally, it is questionable whether our withdrawal from Formosa would greatly alter the "Hate America" policy of the Chinese Communist leaders.

ANOTHER course of American action that has been noisily advocated by some politicians and publications would use Formosa and the Chinese Nationalists as the initial elements of an early effort to liberate the mainland from Communist control. Such proposals can be judged seriously only when they take account of realities on the mainland. There the Communists have crushed the guerrilla movement and liquidated the "counter-revolutionary elements" who might have supported the Nationalists, and organized perhaps the most powerful government China has known in several thousand years. They command an army with an estimated front-line strength of nearly four million men and a semi-trained reserve nearly twice as large.

The myth that a Nationalist landing on the coast itself would automatically induce millions of Chinese

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to rise up and throw off the Communists does not provide a serious basis for making policy.

One lesson Americans could learn from the Communists is that today a successful major revolution in Asia must be meticulously organized. It requires dedicated and able leadership, a workable program, a favorable social and political climate, and propitious historical circumstances. The Nationalists lack these requirements; nor is there much evidence that young Chinese are coming forward on Formosa who could help provide the ideas and leadership. Under these conditions it appears that only direct American intervention on Formosa to administer the island, run its defenses, and manage the entire undertaking to regain control of the Chinese mainland would offer any substantial prospects of success.

Our attempt to do this would inevitably spur the Chinese Communists into action against Formosa, thus involving the United States in a struggle of indefinite duration that could make the Korean War seem like a sideshow. If the United States were to embark on such a project, it would probably lose friends and allies in the United Nations, it would destroy the identity of the Nationalists as a Chinese government, and alienate some constructive Chinese now working with us. Finally, it is doubtful that America has enough trained men available to attempt such a task.

Time to Talk?

If policies in line with these alternatives are rejected, the only other general course of action now open to the United States is that of seeking to stabilize the Far East politically and diplomatically in keeping with present and anticipated military realities. Such an effort has little chance of success unless the United States is determined to negotiate with the Chinese Communists on a number of crucial issues, including cessation of hostilities in Korea and neutralization of the Formosa Strait. Such a policy might lead to a recognition of Chinese Nationalist authority as limited to Formosa and its peripheral islands. A precedent for this was established in the peace treaty with the Nationalists which Japan, with American encouragement, signed this year. Such action would take account of present pressure from such countries as Japan to establish relations with both the Chinese Nationalist and Communist régimes. It might lead to representation of two Chinese governments in the United Nations. It would simplify and facilitate the American effort to create a unified defense system for the far western Pacific by assuring the Philippines and our other allies that they could co-operate in a defense system that protected Formosa without getting involved in an "endless Chinese civil war."

Such a policy would permit no immediate drastic reduction of American military strength in the Far East. However, as the unified defense system emerged it should permit the United States to achieve maximum political results with a minimum investment for defense in the area. In time it should also reduce the need for American men to fight in Asia. Continued Chinese Communist refusal to negotiate on a realistic basis should serve to warn Americans that the leaders in Peking want to exploit present tensions for purposes of domestic control and foreign advantage and may resort to more general war. Announcement of American willingness to negotiate would deprive Peking of some propaganda weapons and would certainly reassure our allies in Asia.

Such developments leading toward stability could have significant consequences for the Chinese people. Many of them now believe that American protection of Formosa will last only as long as the Korean War. Some Chinese leaders on the island fear that their future is at the mercy of the whims of American domestic politics. International recognition of Nationalist authority on Formosa and United Nations protection of it would assure the Chinese of a much more permanent non-Communist refuge. With our firm and intelligent help, Formosa under such conditions could serve the purpose for which it is physically almost ideally suited: as a pilot plant for testing and demonstrating the contributions that science and democracy can make to life in the Far East.

The Nationalists on the island have learned some lessons from their defeat; most of those who enriched themselves as officials on the mainland are not on Formosa but have retired to the United States, South America, or Europe. To the extent that Chinese on the island develop a vigorous and attractive society, their race can be offered an alternative to Communism. In time Formosa could exert a significant effect upon Chinese on the mainland who become disillusioned with Communist rule. Such developments, if supported by a vigorous, enlightened, and firm American policy, could offer non-Communist Chinese an opportunity to carry forward the fine traditions of their civilization. They could also transform Formosa from an American liability into a durable "situation of strength."

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The Case of the Missing Diplomats

CYRIL CONNOLLY

On May 25, 1951, Guy Francis de Moncy Burgess, on leave from the British Foreign Office after having been recalled from the British Embassy in Washington, and Donald Maclean, then in charge of the American Division of the Foreign Office, debarked from a Channel steamer at St.-Malo, France. There they hired a car, which they drove to Rennes, arriving the following day. Their subsequent whereabouts are unknown, and there has been some speculation that they may have gone to a Communist country.

TWO FACTS distinguish Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean from the so-called "atomic" spies—first, they are not known to have committed any crime; second, they are members of the governing class, of the high bureaucracy, the "they" who rule the "we" to whom refugees like Klaus Fuchs and Bruno Pontecorvo and humble figures like Alan Nunn May belong.

If traitors they be, then they are traitors to themselves; but, as in all cases where people seem to act against their own political interests, we must go back to childhood.

Politics begins in the nursery. No one is born patriotic or unpatriotic, right-wing or left-wing, and it is the child whose craving for love is unsatisfied, whose desire for power is thwarted, or whose innate sense of justice is warped who eventually may try to become a revolutionary or a dictator. Before we can harm the fatherland we must fear the father. In England we attach spiritual values alone to childhood and adolescence, dismissing political actions of a subversive nature as youthful escapades. But in fact such behavior in the young is often revealing because it expresses the true meaning of the relationship with the father in its most critical phase. With a father's decline and death the son takes his place and often adopts his politics.

GUY BURGESS lost his father at an early age, and his mother (of whom he is very fond) remarried. Maclean is the child of distinguished Liberal parents, but, after the death in 1932 of his father, who was then President of the Board of Education, Donald, although he helped with the burdens of his family, would appear to have developed a sense of inadequacy, of being somehow unworthy of them.

Burgess was born in 1911, Maclean in 1913. The one reached Cambridge by way of Eton and Trinity, the other, two years later, by Gresham's School and Trinity Hall. They knew each other at Cambridge and were both members of the left-wing circle there.

It was more than ten years since the end of the First World War, and a new generation was growing up which found no outlet in home politics for the adventurous or altruistic impulses of the adolescent. Marxism satisfied both the rebelliousness of youth and its craving for dogma.

The Cambridge Communists substituted a new father or superego for the old one, and accepted a new justice and a stricter authority. They felt they had exposed the weaknesses of Liberalism along with their elders' ignorance of economic affairs. To this generation

Donald Maclean

Communism made an intellectual appeal, standing for love, liberty, social justice, and a quite new approach to life and art. Yet it was connected with a political party, and this party is not inclined to relinquish its hold.

What were these two young men like? Sandy-haired Donald Maclean was large, with great latent physical strength, but fat and rather flabby. Meeting him, one was conscious of both amiability and weakness. He did not seem a political animal, but resembled the clever helpless youth in a Huxley novel, an outsize Cherubino intent on amorous experience but too shy and clumsy to succeed. The shadow of an august atmosphere lay heavy on him, and he sought refuge on the more impetuous and emancipated fringes of Bloomsbury and Chelsea. Such a young man can be set right by the devotion of an intelligent older woman, and it was a misfortune that Donald was just not quite able to inspire such an attachment; charming, clever, and affectionate, he was still too unformed.

Guy Burgess, though he preferred the company of the able to the artistic, also moved on the edge of the same world. He was of a very different physique, a tall-medium in height, with blue eyes, a neat small nose, sensual mouth, curly hair, and alert fox-terrier expression. He was im-

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mensely energetic, a great talker, reader, boaster, walker, who swam like an otter and drank, not like a reckless undergraduate, as Donald was apt to do, but like some Rabelaisian bottle swiper whose thirst was unquenchable.

Wanting to Be Liked

The physical type to which Donald Maclean, despite his puppy fat, belonged was that of the elongated, schizophrenic, sad-countenanced Don Quixote—introverted and diffident, an idealist and a dreamer given to sudden outbursts of aggression; whereas Guy Burgess, despite his intelligence, was a round-faced, golden-pelted Sancho Panza, extrovert, exhibitionist, manic, cynical, and realistic, yet sometimes vague and incompetent, an arguer and debater. With all his toughness, however, Guy Burgess wanted intensely to be liked and was indeed likable, a good conversationalist and an enthusiastic builder-up of his friends. Beneath the "terribilità" of his Marxist analyses one divined the affectionate moral cowardice of the public-school boy.

An old Etonian, an "Apostle" who had taken a First at Cambridge, he yet seemed an adventurer with a first-class mind, who would always be in the know and would like one to think he was behind the scenes, a framer of secret policies, an economics expert already, and a future editor, at least, of the *Times*. Though he enjoyed a bout of luxury, he was indifferent to appearances and even hostile to his own. Unlike Donald, he concealed his sexual diffidence by overconfidence.

What was common to both Burgess and Maclean at this time was their instability; both were able and ambitious young men of high intelligence and good connections who were somehow parodies of what they set out to be. Nobody could take them quite seriously; they were two characters in a late Russian novel, Laurel and Hardy engaged to play Talleyrand and the younger Pitt. Burgess, incidentally, was a great reader of fiction; his favorite authors were Mrs. Gaskell and Balzac and, later on, E. M. Forster.

Maclean was seldom heard to talk politics. Burgess never seemed to stop. He was the type of bumptious Marxist who saw himself as Saint-Just, who enjoyed making the flesh of his bourgeois listeners creep by his picture of the justice which history would mete out to them. Grubby, intemperate, and promiscuous, he loved to moralize over his friends and satirize their smug class-unconscious behavior, so reckless of the reckoning in store. But when bedtime came, very late, and it was the moment to put the analyses away, the word "preposterous" dying on his lips, he would imply a dispensation under which this one house at least, this family, these guests, might be spared the worst consequences, thanks to the protection of their brilliant friend whose position would be so commanding in the happy (homosexual postrevolutionary) workers' Utopia.

It was the time when Ethiopia mattered, before the Russian purges had taken place and the especial bitterness of Communist controversy had arisen. There were very few ex-Communists, and the party's claim to represent the extreme left wing was not disputed. Unlike all other political parties, Communism then offered the consolation of a religion. Every action became important and had to be related to an ideal. "What would history say?"

DURING the Spanish War I saw much less of Burgess, who had now joined the BBC in Bristol. A terrible thing had happened—he had become a fascist! Still sneering at the bourgeois intellectual, he now vaunted the intensely modern realism of the Nazi leaders: His admiration for economic ruthlessness and the short cut to power had swung him to the opposite extreme. He was rumored to have attended a Nuremberg rally.

Guy Burgess

Maclean, however, a strong supporter of the Spanish Republic, seemed suddenly to have acquired a backbone, morally and physically. His appearance greatly improved, and he had become somebody to reckon with. In 1935 he had passed into the Foreign Office, and from 1938 he was at the Embassy in Paris.

I remember some arguments with him. I had felt a great sympathy for the Spanish Anarchists, with whom he was extremely severe, as with all the other non-Communist factions, and I detected in his reproaches the familiar priggish tone of the Marxist, the resonance of the "Father Found." At the same time he could switch to a magisterial defense of Chamberlain's foreign policy, able to hold the two self-righteous points of view simultaneously.

His evenings in Paris were usually spent in the Left Bank cafés with a little group of temporary English expatriates, but during the daytime he worked very hard, and it was now that he began to build up his reputation in the Foreign Office, and we must remember that it grew very high indeed.

Maclean had many admirable Scottish qualities. He was responsible and painstaking, logical and resolute in argument, judicious and even-tempered, and, I should imagine, an admirable son and brother. He had grown much handsomer, and his tall figure, his grave long face and noble brow, his dark suit, black hat, and umbrella were severe and distinguished.

I REMEMBER, at the beginning of the war, mentioning to one of our most famous diplomatic representatives that Maclean was a friend of mine and receiving a glance of incredulity. Satisfied that this indeed was so, he explained that Maclean was a white hope, a *puer aureus* of the Service whose attainments and responsibilities were well beyond his years. Unlike Burgess, he was without vanity. I think the simplest distinction between them was that if I had given Maclean a letter, he would have posted it. Burgess would probably have forgotten it or opened it and then returned to tell me what I should have said.

Burgess and a great friend of his would sometimes stay with a talented

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and beautiful woman, a novelist who in those days resembled an irreducible bastion of the bourgeoisie entirely surrounded by Communists, like the Alcázar of Toledo.

One day Burgess's friend came to her deeply shaken and impressed. Guy had confided to him that he was not just a member but a secret agent of the Communist Party, and he had then invited him to join in this work. The friend had refused with concern; and for her part the novelist felt that Burgess's fascism was suddenly explained: As a secret agent he must have been told to investigate the British fascists and hoped to pass as one. Even so, it was impossible to feel quite certain, for it would be in keeping with Burgess's neurotic power drive that he should pretend to be an undercover man.

Years afterwards the novelist was told that he had spent several days wrestling with his conscience at the time of the Soviet-German pact and had decided to give up the whole business. This may well have been true.

Here we have to decide whether Burgess visited Germany (he took some Boy Scouts on one occasion over to a rally at Cologne) as a secret Communist, as a Nazi sympathizer, as an observer for British Intelligence Services, or—at various levels of his consciousness—as all three.

In January, 1939, he left the BBC, and in the autumn of 1940 he was doing confidential work for the War Office. At this time he was arrested for being drunk in charge of a car and acquitted because he was working fourteen hours a day and had just been in an air raid.

By January, 1941, he was once more in the BBC, and there he remained for three years in various capacities. His position, however, became one that greatly appealed to him, involving him eventually in liaison work with highly secret organizations, until he was able to represent the Foreign Office. He helped, for instance, to remove the anti-Russian bias from Poles whom we were training for sabotage. He had visited Washington in 1942 with the idea of going on to Moscow.

Secret Lives

We now see the outline of the ideal personalities of Burgess and Maclean. On the unstable foundations of their adolescence they were erecting the selves they would like to be, the father figures of their daydreams, the finished Imagos. With his black hat and umbrella, his briefcase under his arm, Donald is Sir Donald Maclean, the last great Liberal diplomatist, terror of the unjust and hope of the weak. "If it wasn't for you, Sir Donald," snarled Ribbentrop, "we might still have won the peace."

Burgess, of course, is a power behind the scenes: a brigadier in mufti, Brigadier Brilliant, D.S.O., F.R.S., with boyish grin and cold blue eyes, seconded now for special duties. With long stride and hunched shoulders, untidy, chain-smoking, he talks—walks and talks—while the whole devilish simplicity of his plan unfolds and the men from Military Intelligence listen dumfounded. "My God, Brilliant, I believe you're right—it could be done." The Brigadier looked at his watch and a chilled blue eye fixed the chief of the Secret Service. "At this moment, sir," and there was pack ice in his voice, "my chaps are doing it."

In 1940 Donald Maclean had married in Paris an American girl as delightful as her name, Melinda Marling, who bore him two sons. She brought both sweetness and understanding into his life. Guy Burgess, however, as the war went on, led a more troubled existence. A new friend whom he had made was taken prisoner of war, and it was noted that he had become much more insulting and destructive when he drank—he seemed to hit on the unforgivable thing to say to everyone. His mental sadism, which sometimes led to his getting knocked out, did not exclude great kindness to those in trouble. Above all, he disliked anyone to get out of his clutches; he was a bully capable of acts of emotional generosity, like a magnate of the Dark Ages.

At the same time he was drinking and living extravagantly. He was fond of luxury and display, of suites at Claridges and fast cars which he drove abominably. He belonged to the febrile wartime café society of the temporary civil servant.

The position of Russia as an ally had made things easier for British Communists, who at first were able to serve their own and their adopted country without a conflict. Waverers returned to their allegiance and those who had never wavered were suddenly respected. Burgess now had a friend, a foreign diplomat, whom he considered the most interesting man he had ever met and with whom he carried on a verbal crusade in favor of Communism, each taking a different line with the potential convert, one rough, one smooth.

We may distinguish a certain pattern in Burgess's relationships. In romantic friendship, he lived to dominate, but his intellectual admiration was usually kept for those who were older than himself. There were also cronies with whom he preferred to drink and argue.

In June, 1944, he had been transferred to the News Department of the Foreign Office, in 1946 to the office of the Minister of State, in 1947 to "B" Branch (Foreign Office), and in 1948 to the Far Eastern Department of the Foreign Office. A rumor persists that, at some stage in his rise to the backroom eminence which he coveted, an adverse security report had been made of which no more was heard.

In 1944, the year that Guy Burgess went from the BBC to the Foreign Office, Donald Maclean was transferred to Washington as acting First Secretary. Maclean had been to Washington before on a mission, and on his return he had given a dinner party to his friends. It was a delightful evening. He had become a good host, his charm was based not on vanity but on sincerity, and he would discuss foreign affairs as a student, not an expert. He enjoyed *Horizon,* the magazine that I then edited, which was a blue rag to Burgess, a weak injection of culture into a society already dead.

Maclean did not return from Washington until 1948, when he was appointed Counsellor in Cairo. "In Donald Maclean I see a courage and a love of justice; I see a soul that could not be deflected from the straight course; and I see in it that deep affection for his friends which he always manifested." The words of Stanley Baldwin about the father were coming true about the son. A Counsellor at thirty-five, he seemed in a fair way to equal his parent's distinction.

A Wild Boar

In 1950 word began to reach us that all was not well. It was said the Maclean, whose high Liberal principles had received full scope in enlightened Washington, had been so disheartened

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by the poverty and corruption of the Middle East that he had had some kind of breakdown. It seemed that he adopted the theory that sufficient alcohol could release in one a second personality which, though it might stimulate the destructive elements, worked only good by helping people to acknowledge the truth about themselves and reveal their latent affinities. Donald entered into the spirit of the investigation and took as his alter ego the name of Gordon, from an export gin with a tusky wild boar on the label.

When night fell, his new self took possession. He stampeded one or two parties, but got into more serious trouble when, in the company of a friend, he broke up the first apartment he was able to enter and sharpened his tusks on the furniture.

On a boating trip on the Nile, with some twenty people in the party, he seized a rifle from an officious sentry and began to imperil the safety of those nearest him by swinging it wildly. A secretary at the Embassy intervened and in the scuffle received a broken leg. The two returned home on sick leave, while Mrs. Maclean and her two small sons went to Spain for a rest.

What was the nature of Donald's outburst? It was not just overwork, but overstrain; the effort of the whole paraphernalia of being Sir Donald had been too much for him and he had reverted to himself as an undergraduate, an irresponsible young man with artistic leanings, advanced views, and no ties. The return of the repressed is familiar to psychoanalysts, and there is now also a brief return to his early sexual ambivalence. Gordon had given Sir Donald the sack. The enraged junior partner would no longer put up with him.

Back in London he had six months' leave to get well and to make up his mind about the future. He was still drinking heavily and now was undergoing treatment from a woman psychoanalyst. His appearance was frightening: He had put on much weight, his hands would tremble, his face was usually a livid yellow, he looked as if he had spent the night sitting up in a tunnel. Though he remained detached and amiable as ever, it was clear that he was miserable and in a very bad way. A kind of shutter would fall in conversation as if he had returned to some basic and incommunicable anxiety.

Some of his friends urged him to resign, pointing out that since he disliked the life and disagreed with the policy he could not go back without it all happening again. Others assured him that he would soon be well enough to return to work, which would prove the best thing for himself and his family.

The psychiatrist's reports became more encouraging, and by the autumn the decision was taken. On November 6, after a particularly heavy night, Donald went back to the Foreign Office as head of the American Division (a position less onerous than it sounds) and bought a house near Westerham for his wife and children, to which he would return almost every evening, avoiding the temptations of the city.

(The second and concluding part of Mr. Connolly's article on Burgess and Maclean will follow in the December 22 issue of The Reporter.)

Sweden: The Cautious Old Man On the Quivering Tightrope

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

Stockholm, on its fourteen islands of solid granite, peers out toward the Baltic through a maze of many more granite islands. This screen gives superb protection against sea invasion, but none at all against an enemy's air forces. It is only twenty-five minutes, as jet planes travel, to Russian military bases. Indeed, the Soviet world is so close that Swedish coastal radar installations can pick up Russian planes many miles inside the Soviet frontier. Sweden's rugged Baltic coast line, extending the whole length of that sea, forms half of Europe's entire north-south frontier dividing the Soviet and western realms.

These somber geographical facts, reinforced by historical experience, push Sweden inevitably toward cautious neutrality. For 140 years, Sweden has had no war. And it has prospered enormously. Its living standard far exceeds that of its neighbors. Discerning Swedes who can read the signs of change know that their chance of staying out of another great war is desperately slim. But most of their fellow citizens reason much more simply from their own experience. They have kept out of two World Wars, and with gratifying results. Why shouldn't they do it again? Because so many Swedes reason this way, no politician of any importance has dared to advocate any departure, however slight, from the going policy of "no alliances."

A Big Cake of Ice

Despite the pressures that keep Sweden to a resolutely neutral course, ninety per cent of Sweden's commerce is with the West. And trade looms large for this business-minded nation. In terms of cultural and political tradition, Sweden is part of the West. Its emigration has been to America; its music and literature have affected and been affected by those of the West. And above all, the Swedes recognize the Soviet Union as their one possible enemy. The

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western democracies they can regard only as friends and possible future allies.

So the Socialist-Farmer Government of Premier Tage Erlander, like a long succession of Cabinets before it, walks gingerly on the tightrope of a paradoxical policy—no alliances but constant and costly preparation for defense, paralleled by quiet, unobtrusive exchanges of ideas and information westward, notably among the military.

Talking with any typical Foreign Office official at Stockholm, I found, was much like talking to a big cake of ice. Personal friendliness was there, but it could not mask a firm determination to say nothing that might be interpreted as political alignment—or even fraternization—with the open enemies of Russia. By October, when I was there, the anger following the Russian attacks on Swedish planes in midsummer had faded to mere resentment. Although infuriating, those incidents were considered to represent no change of basic Russian policy. Therefore no change of Sweden's basic policy was warranted, or safe.

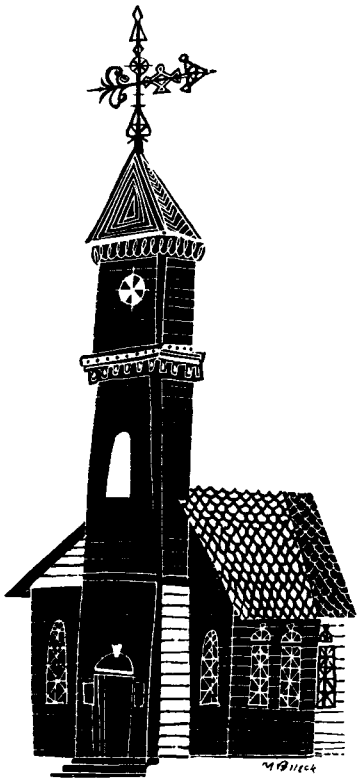
What About NATO?

Help from NATO? In the dark, dingy building in Jakobsgatan occupied by the Foreign Office, the doctrine on this point is curtly phrased. NATO has nothing to offer Sweden. It is not strong enough in western Europe to stop the Russians if they march. Denmark cannot hold. Sweden is left in the Baltic by itself, with no chance of Allied ships coming in. And if it comes to war involving Sweden, Stockholm can expect just as much (or as little) help from the West as if Sweden *were* a NATO partner. What help they get, Swedish policymakers assert, will depend on the over-all strategic situation at the time —not on any papers they have signed.

That is what they say. And that is what they think, because that is what they have persuaded themselves to think. From Foreign Minister Osten Undén on down the hierarchy, they are prisoners of geography and also of unyielding Swedish public opinion. In current conditions, they are obliged to stand clear of alliances, and they do so with smug rectitude. True, there is some cleavage inside the Foreign Office. There is a pro-western faction, but its members also are the captives of political realities. Foreign Minister Undén sees very few people, and hardly ever anyone who might talk persuasively for a change of policy.

In Sweden, an interview is likely to turn into an argument. All of mine did. Pushed into a corner, even the most rigid "no-alliance" advocates will concede that the chance of staying neutral through another war is microscopic. But then they point to Finland. It is their trump card. If Sweden aligns with NATO, they contend, the Russians will have both a pretext and a motive for seizing Finland outright and extending the Soviet frontier to the margins of Sweden. It would be bad for Sweden, and for the West, to lose the Finnish buffer. And it would be extraordinarily bad for the Finns, with whom Sweden has a long and close relationship which colors their dealings deeply. Indeed, Finland, with its sizable Swedish minority, seems to be the only foreign country about which Swedish people have any sentimentality.

Cornered in argument, they will also admit that Sweden's most vulnerable point is the shore of Skone, across the Sound from Denmark. And they will agree that NATO, in seeking to protect Denmark, is in fact seeking likewise to protect Sweden. But until Jutland and Copenhagen are far more secure than now, the Swedes find no reason to do more than cheer inwardly at the halting effort of the West to seal off the Schleswig approach to Jutland.



Such is Sweden's formal policy. It has led to the depreciation of collective security as a concept, to the point where many Swedes argue against membership in the United Nations, built as it is on the idea of collective security. The Swedish U.N. delegation refused to vote with the majority to name Red China as an aggressor in Korea, and refused to send combat forces there. Back of this policy there is careful calculation and a zealous, almost fanatical determination never to let Swedish troops be maneuvered into fighting "somebody else's war."

This policy is not the product of pacifism or neutralism. While doing everything possible to avoid involvement in war, Sweden is spending twenty per cent of its national budget for defense. A generation ago there was a strong pacifist movement. The military enjoyed neither prestige nor much support. Today, chiefly because of Soviet expansionism and provocation, there is nearly universal support for a costly defense program. And there is an unmistakable willingness to fight stubbornly if the nation is attacked.

Sea Power, Air Power

Aside from a foreign policy designed to avoid entanglement in war, the defense of Sweden is based first in the bastions provided by nature, then on a modern, efficient air force, next on a small, single-purpose navy, and finally on a large army of trained reservists. In the north, Sweden is protected by the buffer of Finland, by a cruel climate, and by a long reach of desolate and forbidding country that favors guerrilla tactics and penalizes a mobile, heavily armed invader. The main Baltic coast is fringed by an archipelago of countless rocky islands. It is a coast without landing beaches, ideal for defense with small, fast torpedo boats, coast artillery, minefields, and small submarines.

The Swedish Navy is built and trained for this task. With two modern light cruisers, about twenty destroyers and as many submarines, and a strong force of motor torpedo boats and minecraft, this fleet is not nearly strong enough to throw its weight around in the Baltic. But it could make trouble for any landing force attempting to

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cross the Baltic and penetrate the island screen. And it probably could take some toll of any Russian amphibious forces working down the south side of the Baltic in support of land operations westward across Poland and Germany. Indeed, such hit-and-run offensives against Russia's sea communication line along the northern flank of the main peninsula of Europe might be Sweden's largest contribution to a common Allied strategy.

BECAUSE of the narrowness of the Baltic, however, air power means more to Sweden than sea power. In consequence, the Air Force has become Sweden's premier military arm, even though the Army still gets forty-three per cent of the military budget against thirty-seven per cent for the Air Force. It is among the strongest air forces in the world, the strongest in continental Europe except for Russia's. The airbases I saw are attractive, clean, well-planned, and efficient. Almost all of them have been constructed since the Second World War. It is not as big as its leaders believe necessary. But they have wisely held to quality, despite the temptation to reach for quantity.

As it stands now, the Swedish Air Force has about thirty-three fighter squadrons, twelve attack squadrons, and five reconnaissance squadrons. That means about a thousand aircraft, with a hundred per cent reserve behind them.

It is strictly a tactical force, two-thirds fighters, and almost all single-place planes. About half of the fighters are British Vampires, but the others are virtually all Swedish-built. Eventually, all will be Swedish-built types. Chief of these is the J-29, the "Flying Barrel." It is the equal of the Sabre F-86 or the Mig-15, with a speed of 650 miles per hour and four 20-mm. rapid-firing Bofors cannon, plus rockets. An attack plane of radically new design has just come from the SAAB factory at Linköping. If it measures up to expectations, Sweden will have its own military aircraft in the two types needed in any quantity.

The basic mission of the Swedish Air Force is interception of hostile aircraft —a task made easier by an elaborate radar screen along the coast and by numerous fighter fields the full length of the country, with several concentrated close around Stockholm. The second mission, in conjunction with the Navy, is attack on enemy ships. There is some training for support of ground troops, but this is minor because Sweden's Army is expected to do its fighting in mountainous, wooded terrain, waging a guerrilla war that precludes much close air support.

AS FOR the Army, it is nearly the whole able-bodied male population of Sweden from twenty to forty-seven —some seven hundred thousand men with a year's training behind them and a few weeks of refresher training periods since. Most of this army can be mobilized in a few days. Of course it cannot match the professional, full-time forces of Russia, either in heavy weapons or combat experience or staff work, and would be hopelessly outclassed in any direct encounter in flat, open country. But it might very well maintain the upper hand during a delaying war in the forests and mountains of Sweden.

Although high-ranking Army officers are reluctant to discuss their war plans with a western visitor who carries a portable typewriter, the main concept underlying their defensive strategy comes out plainly enough. The most vital war industries, the chief cities, the bulk of population, and the essential east-west rail lines of Sweden are in the middle belt of the country, around and to the west of Stockholm. The defense of this industrial heartland is the Army's basic mission. To the south of it, there is a belt of forest seventy-five miles wide. To the north, forests and mountainous country extend for five hundred miles to the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. So the Swedish Army puts its trust in a defense in depth.

Realistic Generals

This much military preparation the Swedes have made. And they are paying plenty for it. They pay cheerfully, because they believe that a strong defense kept them out of war twice before and may do so again. They also believe that they really can defend Sweden if it is attacked. But in the top ranks of Sweden's armed forces one finds no such uncritical optimism. Senior officers of all three services are well aware of the limitations of a military establishment with no combat experience in many generations. They have seen much more of western and Russian military power than their fellow Swedes. And they recognize the new factors in world politics which lend greater strategic importance to the northern flank of Europe and so reduce Sweden's chances of standing by in another war.

It is here in the ranks of military leaders that pro-western sentiment is especially strong. In the wardrooms of Swedish naval vessels and in the officers' clubs at Swedish airbases one finds much the same atmosphere as in NATO countries. The conversation rests on the unspoken assumption that Sweden's political isolation is a useful peacetime gimmick, to be jettisoned if war comes.

Meantime, the Swedish Air Force uses the English language between control towers and airborne pilots. The Navy studies and uses the tactical doctrines of Great Britain and the United States. All the armed forces buy technical equipment in the United States and Britain. They send as many younger officers to America as their budget allows to study in our military schools.

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In these and other ways, the officers are doing what they can, within the strictures of a neutral policy, to set the stage for full co-operation with NATO. But they work under a heavy handicap. And after 140 years of unbroken peace, Sweden's military leaders simply do not have enough prestige in the country to exert the strong influence on national policy that their counterparts do in the United States, for example.

Quite aside from the military, I found plenty of Swedes who would like to ditch the ostrich policy, as they describe it, and align openly with the West. They are bankers and exporters, intellectuals and just persons with British or American connections. *Dagens Nyheter,* biggest of all Sweden's newspapers, carries on an untiring barrage of editorial argument for a western orientation. These people contend that Finland will not be seized outright by Russia if Sweden joins NATO. They say it is the stubborn Finns themselves who prevent Moscow from pulling a coup at Helsinki like the one that was pulled in Prague in 1948. They agree that it would be desirable to stay out of any future war. But they contend that the mathematical chance of staying neutral is so small that it's overshadowed by the advantage of solidarity with the western democracies.

A Shaky Tightrope

All this, however, makes no visible impression on most of the Swedes. Neither does this agitation for a pro-western policy have any impact on leaders of the powerful Social Democratic Party. Those who make Sweden's policy may have their inner doubts. They recognize that Russia might attack and overwhelm a Sweden they had succeeded in isolating, while the western powers looked on from the sidelines with pity. They know this could happen, and they know that membership in NATO would prevent it. But they cannot really visualize its happening. And they have a host of arguments, good ones, to prove that Russia will by-pass Sweden.

Sweden today faces a historic dilemma not unlike that of the American people between 1938 and 1941. We Americans—most of us—knew in 1940 that Nazi Germany was our enemy, that we were going to be in the war, that it would be wise to go in while

Britain stood alone, before its likely collapse. But a century and a half of isolationist tradition tied our hands. We had to wait until the enemy struck—at a time and place of his own choosing, and with all military advantages that went with it. Similarly, the Swedes are prisoners of their own historical experience. They are immobilized by the ingrained conviction that they enjoy a unique immunity from the swirling forces of a world in torment.

In the conditions of today, Swedish leaders can make a strong case for the "no-alliance" policy they follow. Even from NATO's own standpoint there are some persuasive arguments for a neutral Sweden. But this course won't always be valid, for Sweden is not a static place in the life of Europe. Several factors are at work to force a change. NATO is growing stronger, and Denmark consequently is becoming more defensible. American air and sea power are extending their range and so their capacity to support Sweden and to strike deep into the Baltic area. On the other side, Russia is restlessly pushing its campaign to make the Baltic a closed sea, and so dramatizing its hostility for every Swede to see and ponder. And Sweden itself is growing stronger—by expanding its Air Force and fleet and radar network, and by building secure rock hangars for its aircraft and tunnels in the granite for its ships.

To a leading figure in the Foreign Office I posed this problem, citing the changing forces that some day probably will make it logical to Stockholm to reverse its field.

"If and when you policymakers see a sound case for joining the West," I asked, "will you make the jump?"

"No," he said, after a thoughtful pause. "We couldn't sell the people on it."

Dead Hand of History

That is the political reality. It is not the calculating geopolitical logic of Swedish leaders that defines Sweden's distinctive course of policy. It is the dead weight of public opinion, the deep-seated belief that Sweden can and must steer clear of Europe's wars.

To be sure, there is an undercurrent of contrary belief. And it is growing. But it will not tip the scales in the gloomy building in Jakobsgatan, nor will any logic or pressure brought to bear from the West—until something dramatic happens, some catalytic event. Possibly it will take something as big as the Soviet seizure of Czechoslovakia. Until then, Sweden's Foreign Minister, whatever his name and his leaning, must walk the tightrope between two worlds.

But when he jumps off, or falls off, or is pushed off, we may be certain he will manage to spring westward and land among Sweden's friends. For though they want peace desperately, at almost any price, the Swedes know with growing clarity which world is theirs.

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The BBC, Britain's Favorite Monopoly

WILLIAM CLARK

LONDON

THERE IS a hidden battle going on in Britain for control of the most pervasive influences in modern life—radio and television. For thirty years Britain has had a completely centralized control of its whole radio system. The British Broadcasting Corporation runs not only all the sound broadcasting inside Britain but also the overseas services (the equivalent of the Voice of America) and the whole of television.

This vast monopoly has been carefully guarded. Attempts have even been made to prevent a commercial station, such as Radio Luxembourg, from beaming programs at Britain from the Continent.

An organization so powerful, so exclusive, and so far-reaching would seem a natural target for political crusaders. Yet until very recently there was almost no attack on the BBC monopoly. This year, however, the Conservative Government, in renewing the BBC's franchise for another ten years, inserted a provision that after a period of time and after further Parliamentary discussion, an independent commercial television network might be set up.

This was proposed in the sacred name of anti-monopoly, and accompanied by a salutation to the principles of free speech and an independent press. Yet with all the stops pulled out and with so admirable a tune to play, the Government had to impose the full rigors of party discipline to get the proposal passed by Parliament. Even then the Tories could not silence critics within their own ranks from joining—verbally—with the serried ranks of Labour in condemning this breach of monopoly as a retrograde step. Such condemnation was echoed by most of the responsible press.

To many Britons and to most Americans, this attachment on the part of a freedom-loving people to monopoly control of the most powerful means of publicity is inexplicable. To some extent, it must be said at once, Britons' attachment to their system of radio is based on the belief that the only alternative is the American system.

Hamlet and Bile Beans

Not many Britons know much about American radio, but a great number are firmly convinced that it involves having *Hamlet* interspersed with advertisements for Bile Beans, and that the rare moments of good music are interrupted in mid-bar by singing commercials. Those few of us who do occasionally visit the United States are, in fact, far more irritated by commercial plugs than even the most sensitive American, because we have not developed that opportune deafness to the persuasive patter which is part of the protective armor of those who live with sponsored radio. It was natural, therefore, that in introducing the Conservative proposals for some sponsored television, the Home Secretary should have stressed with particular emphasis that nothing like the American system would ever be permitted in Britain.

But this is only the small change of the perennial Anglo-American rivalry. The support that the BBC receives in Britain is not derived just from anti-commercialism or anti-Americanism; there is also a large element of positive approval for the idea of centralized radio.

Historically, the British development of the monopoly system without advertising was largely accidental. The royal charters establishing and continuing the BBC do *not* grant a monopoly of the right to broadcast, and they *do* specifically reserve the right to allow advertising. That the BBC has developed as it has is largely due to one man, J. C. W. Reith, who was appointed Managing Director of the infant company just thirty years ago. Lord Reith—as he now is—made it clear that he regarded radio as having the social purpose of raising public taste and broadening the public's interests:

"To exploit so great and universal an agent in the pursuit of entertainment alone, would have been not only an abdication of responsibility and a prostitution of its power, but also an insult to the intelligence of the public it serves. The Broadcasting Service should bring into the greatest possible number of homes in the fullest degree, all that is best in every department of human knowledge, endeavor and achievement."

This public-service conception of radio triumphed because of the dominant character of Reith, and because there was no other clear idea of radio's purpose. To this day the duty of the BBC as laid down in its charter is to "inform, educate and entertain" the public. Entertainment has never been permitted to obscure the paramount

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purposes of informing and educating.

It is this sense of social purpose which accounts for the wide approval of monopoly radio among people who would be shocked at the idea of a monopoly of the press. They feel that the BBC justifies itself by the work it does, and they maintain that it could not possibly carry out its purpose except through what Reith has bluntly called "the brute force of monopoly."

The BBC itself expressed the same sentiment in more diplomatic terms in answer to a proposal put forward by Geoffrey Crowther (editor of the *Economist*) for competing public-service systems of broadcasting. Its reply to this plan for setting up two or three organizations like the BBC, but competing with each other for the listeners' favor, was that monopoly was essential to preserve "the purpose, taste, cultural aims, range and general sense of responsibility of the broadcasting service as a whole. . . . Under any system of competitive broadcasting all these things would be at the mercy of Gresham's Law. For at the present stage of the nation's general educational progress . . . the good, in the long run, will inescapably be driven out by the bad."

Eighty-Four per Cent in Favor

These are strong words, and they have been bitterly criticized by those who find them undemocratic. But there are many others who regretfully recognize the truth of the proposition as they look at the standards of those newspapers with circulations of three or four millions and compare them with those whose circulation is a small fraction of that.

The whole BBC monopoly attitude would be swept away as so much priggish humbug if the BBC did not in general please its listeners even while trying to carry out the distasteful process of improving them. The BBC's strength is that it has not often allowed itself to become just a schoolmaster; it has also retained the roles of storyteller, newsvendor, musician, minstrel, toastmaster, and clown. As a result, while there is a good deal of grumbling about the BBC, and some feeling that it would be livened up by competition, public-opinion polls show that since the war never less than eighty-four per cent of the listeners have been "satisfied" with the programs, and never more than five per cent "thoroughly dissatisfied."

The BBC has in fact built for itself a special place at the very center of British life. For instance, almost as much a part of Christmas Day as Santa Claus is the sovereign's "traditional" after-dinner broadcast (the adjective was used in this year's official announcement from Buckingham Palace). It is often said that the Commonwealth is linked by the Crown, but it is less fully recognized how far that link depends on the BBC's Commonwealth services. At times of national rejoicing (V.-E. Day), mourning (the death of King George VI), or danger (the summer of 1940), it is through radio that the nation is made to feel and express its deep unity.

Standard of Accuracy

Since 1939, through thirteen years of strain, the BBC has, almost unnoticed, also become the nation's news editor. During the war the nine o'clock news became part of the evening ritual of British family life, and since then the whole nation still listens to the BBC news and regards it as the standard of accuracy by which other news organs are judged. "I heard it on the BBC" has completely replaced "I read it in the papers" as the ultimate answer to any question of fact.

The BBC is trusted because, unlike the newspapers, it is not thought to have any ax to grind. It is forbidden by its charter to express any editorial opinion, and it abides by that rule. The

BBC, for instance, has never expressed on the air any opinion at all about its monopoly or the future of its organization. Its presentation of news is as "straight" as human frailty can make it.

This does not make for the most fascinating presentation, and the BBC is certainly inhibited in its comment on events. There is comment and there is controversy, but it usually seems a little muted. It is noticeable too that the BBC has never built up commentators with great followings, such as Elmer Davis and Fulton Lewis, Jr. It has not done so primarily because the power of the monopoly is so great that it is felt to be dangerous to allow one or two men to use it to build up their personal reputations.

From the point of view of national interest there is also something to be said for this contrast between press and radio. On the whole the press allows the reader to arrive at truth by setting off one bias against another; the BBC tries to be wholly objective, without editorial comment. There is no more reason for the radio to adopt the traditions of the press in this respect than for the press to change its spots by trying to become a mere summary of the news. Each can act as a corrective of the other.

To maintain public trust it has been essential that the BBC should not be or appear to be an appendage of whatever Government is in power. The Constitution lays it down that control of the BBC is in the hands of a small committee of Governors appointed by the Crown—which means in effect the Administration. Ultimate control is in the hands of the Postmaster General, who can order the BBC to broadcast or not broadcast almost anything.

Consequently, the Government in power could control the BBC. But in thirty years the Government has only once banned a program (in 1932 when a former U-boat commander was to speak), and the fuss showed how much the Government damaged itself by such censorship. During the extreme emergency of the General Strike in 1926 the Government demanded that the BBC broadcast a special message; the BBC refused. The fact is that the BBC now has sufficient popular support and its Directors have had sufficient courage to make it most unpolitic for the Government to exercise its rights. The BBC is as secure in peacetime from government censorship as Parliament is from the sovereign's veto. Only the theoretical power remains.

To avoid bias among parties the BBC has an elaborate system of allowing Members of Parliament of all parties to speak, but in proportion to their parties' voting strength. At election

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time the broadcast addresses have become the very center of the campaign; their length, number, and order are arranged by the BBC in consultation with the parties. Not one penny is paid for the time.

The very basis of the BBC's independence is its financial security, which is derived from the license fees paid by every owner of a set (one pound annually for a radio, two pounds for television). At present this gives an income of about fifteen million pounds a year, which enables the BBC to thumb its nose at most financial pressures.

Quantity and Quality

The most obvious criticism that anyone familiar with American radio would make of the BBC is that its output is so meager. New Yorkers have a choice of about forty sound programs and about half a dozen TV channels; London has three sound programs and one television channel, which operates for six and a half hours a day. The most frequently cited reason for this discrepancy is the shortage of medium wave lengths in the crowded area of western Europe. But that is a technical difficulty which can be overcome by means of the new high frequencies and frequency modulation.

To understand why there are only four programs of any sort available to most British listeners, it is necessary to understand how the BBC conceives its responsibilities to the community. The BBC has never regarded radio programs as simply a public utility, like constant hot water, to be turned on day or night to provide a relaxing mental bath. The BBC programs are specifically designed (in the words of Sir William Haley, until recently Director-General) to avoid producing "a nation of listeners." Haley hoped that radio concerts would make listeners go out to concerts, that sports broadcasts would help fill the arenas, that forums on the air would lead to forums in the home.

The three sound programs are therefore not meant to give one mass audience a constant choice of "popular" programs; they are aimed at different audiences at different levels of the educational pyramid. The broad base of the pyramid, about sixty-three per cent of listeners, is catered to by the Light Program, which is mostly entertainment, though it sandwiches in serious discussions and comments, as well as a certain amount of classical music. The constant listener on this wave length gets a varied diet with plenty to relax and enjoy, but with a certain amount of material *at peak listening hours* designed to stretch the lazy mind.

About one-third of the population listens to the Home Service, which provides in radio what the Manchester

Lord Reith

Guardian, Times, and *Daily Telegraph* (or the *Herald Tribune, Post-Dispatch,* and *Christian Science Monitor*) provide in journalism. There are music halls, symphony concerts, science talks, literary and artistic criticism, and political discussions. Also on Saturday night the Home Service gives the regular one and half hours of uninterrupted theater which has built up audiences of ten to eleven million for Shakespeare, Molière, Shaw, Priestley, and O'Neill. One of the greatest Home Service triumphs was a series of fifteen-minute talks on the significance of the atomic age by such speakers as Sir John Cockcroft and Bertrand Russell, which drew more than seven million listeners for eight consecutive nights. On the whole, the Home Service appeals to the professional, the doctor, lawyer, business executive, and their families who will listen to only two or three features as well as the news in an evening. It is these listeners who are served least well by any broadcasting system that aims only at mass audiences.

The most remarkable BBC invention has been the Third Program, which for the past five years has operated from six to twelve each evening. It is designed for the purely selective listener who regards his radio as a book rather than a newspaper, and listens only to music or talks that he wishes to hear.

The average listenership to any single Third Program item is only ninety thousand, but if one reflects that that figure is about twice the circulation of the *Economist,* the number seems less laughable. The effect of the Third Program in its five years' existence has been out of all proportion to its listening figures. It has won for radio the right to be considered an important, intelligent medium for the exchange of ideas, and it has provided the intellectuals of Britain (and much of the Continent) with a common meeting ground comparable at least to the *Edinburgh Review* in Macaulay's day. In brief, it has made radio a part of a university instead of just part of a general store.

Indeed, a great part of the BBC's success is due to its Third Program, because it has brought the full support of the "eggheads," whose votes may be few in an election but who are the most articulate part of the population. At the same time the BBC at least satisfies the mass of the population with its other programs. By having three sound programs designed for high, middle, and lowbrows, the BBC plays a part in holding together the different elements in the population, and achieves popularity or as least toleration among them all.

Problem of TV

It has not succeeded to the same extent with television, where there is only one channel which has to try to suit everyone, and cannot succeed. There are adequate technical and financial reasons why there is only one channel, but basically this also is a reflection of the BBC's view of its social responsibility. The producers and the audiences of television are both new to their job, and the BBC wants to move cautiously.

The present Director of Television, George Barnes, said recently: "Television is satisfying enough to be made an occasion, as going to the cinema is an occasion: it should be something to look forward to and not a tap dripping in the background to every domestic chore, every meal and every family

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argument." There is also a strong feeling that good television cannot be provided in indefinite quantities because of the sheer lack of adequate performers. If it is argued that higher financial rewards would soon produce more entertainers, there remains the hard question: Does Britain need more and more entertainment? Do we want to produce a nation of televiewers?

That fundamental question has not been answered. There is certainly a demand for more television than is produced at present. The audience which loses itself in a variety show cannot be wholly pleased if one whole evening's television consists of *Mourning Becomes Electra*. They want variety; why should they not have it? What right have the self-appointed custodians of public morals in the BBC to decide what the public shall see and hear? Let the people choose what they want.

That argument is often heard, and in television, which has very little intellectual support and not much professional-class viewing, that argument has temporarily prevailed. More television financed by advertisement is at least promised. But it will be some time before that promise is fulfilled, and in the meantime the people of Britain (watched by many other countries) must ponder a difficult problem in democracy.

Should all the organs of enlightenment and entertainment be dedicated to trying to give the public what it wants? Does the public really know what it wants from its radio, and even if it does can it express its opinion effectively? Is there an argument for using the vast new powers of radio and television for the social purpose of educating the people toward a higher appreciation of life, along the lines which must be laid down by the few for the many?

The dangers of a state culture, dictatorship by an oligarchy, are obvious. But the dangers of having no leadership, of abdicating responsibility, may be just as great. Till now the BBC has, I believe, set the world an example of the proper use of responsibility, in spite of the priggish overemphasis and unenterprising dullness that occasionally mar its record. It is of the greatest significance whether that experiment is allowed to continue.

How They Took the Bad News In Gary, Indiana

WARNER BLOOMBERG, JR.

GARY, INDIANA

WHILE heavy gloom was settling over most Democratic headquarters throughout the nation, spirits were high here in Gary. Once more the efficiently combined political machines of the Lake County Democratic Party and the CIO had achieved a massive defeat of the Republican Party. Even nearby Hammond, normally something of a Republican stronghold, was being swept into the Democratic fold as the returns came in.

Gary's steelworkers, carefully and efficiently organized, again had voted a straight Democratic ticket in overwhelming numbers. Stevenson for President, Schricker for Senator, and Watkins for Governor all received majorities of between fifteen and twenty thousand. While not as large as expected, these were substantial and satisfactory victories for the operators of the Lake County CIO-Democratic political organization.

On Wednesday morning, while the local Democrats were still enjoying what one successful candidate called "the sweet wine of victory," the men in the steel mills who had created this intoxicating drink were primarily concerned with the Democratic defeat on the state and national levels. In nearly every department there was a slight drop in production and a great increase in conversation. The tensions of the long and bitter campaign were dissipated in the pleasant pastimes of hindsight coaching and armchair analysis.

'I Think I Sell My House'

Like the election that produced it, the pervasive mood of Gary's millworkers was something out of the ordinary. There was neither jubilation nor anguish among the partisan spectators who had heard on TV and radio the roar of the Eisenhower landslide as it developed during Tuesday evening. It was an astonishingly mild reaction to such a tremendous event.

In every factory the predominant feeling was one of uneasiness—something more than uncertainty but less than real fear. At the axle mill, half-humorous exaggerations of the possible consequences of a Republican régime underlined the uncomfortable concern of some of the men. Old Andy, six times a grandfather and with more experience of hardship than any one man deserves, worried about the danger to the security he had finally acquired in recent years. "I think I sell my house," he announced with a smile. "She no gonna be worth nothing now!" One of the recently hired "kids" attempted to match this by asserting that he would sell his car and buy a bicycle.

Predictions of recession and depression, of cutbacks and layoffs, could be heard almost whenever men stopped to talk to one another. Specific reasons were seldom given. "You know what these Republicans will do!" was a remark usually followed by the reply: "Damn right I do!" At one of the open hearths, however, a more specific argument had gained popularity. "Here's what'll happen," explained a tall, thin worker in a tattered sweat shirt. "First

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they'll pull out of Korea. Then the Communists'll take over Malaya. That way they'll control almost all the manganese. No manganese, no steel. Know what'll happen to our production when we have to buy manganese from the Russians?"

At the sheet and tin mill, as elsewhere, there was a good deal of talk about "getting out of debt, cutting back, not buying any more new stuff." One active member of the local union laughed at such talk. "Look," he said, "Christmas is coming. If anything they'll buy more than before, figuring to get it while they can. They'll be making payments for a couple of months and things'll look all right and they'll forget about their worries over layoffs or depressions."

The most sanguine atmosphere among the pro-Democrat steelworkers of Gary on Wednesday morning was at the coke plant. Here the "sporting view" apparently had been established before the more fearful opinions received wide circulation. "Let 'em have their chance," one worker there told my friend Carl, a short, stout precinct captain in our Gary suburb. "They've waited twenty years for their turn. They must have learned something in that time! They won't run us down the drain like they did before. Let's see what they do. Then when they make their first big mistake, we'll boot 'em out again!"

Blaming the Women

"Why did Ike win?" On one particular answer to that question there was almost unanimous agreement—the women. Never before have the wives of Gary's steelworkers split away from their husbands in such great numbers when casting their ballots. Many of the men were genuinely angry over this.

"I tried to do the right thing," explained one thin, worried-looking lathe operator at the axle mill. (He had been suspected of pro-Eisenhower leanings.) "But my wife crossed out my vote. I tried, but I couldn't keep her from voting for Eisenhower."

A number of the men worried over the problem of why their wives voted "wrong." Korea was mentioned frequently. And many of the women were more angry at the deductions for taxes that they saw listed on their husbands' paychecks than they were over high prices in the grocery. The corruption

argument also appealed to some of these women, especially in Gary, where the wives of many of the workers had something of a "crush" on Senator Kefauver and still felt that he should have received the nomination.

The name of Kefauver was heard often in the mills on Wednesday. He had enjoyed great popularity in Gary. Stevenson began his campaign, from the Lake County millworkers' point of view, sharing in the guilt for a "corrupt Convention run by corrupt politicians." Now that the election was over, some of the early resentment that had been forgotten as the campaign for Stevenson progressed surged back into the consciousness of a number of steelworkers. At the open hearth a man who had spent nearly twelve hours Tuesday driving voters to the polls asserted with evident bitterness: "We lost this election back in July!"

But many voices of disagreement were raised whenever this opinion was expressed. More appealing to the fatalism that runs so deeply in the outlook of many of the millworkers was the assertion that Ike's victory "was in the wind." "It could have been Kefauver or anybody else," some men said. "Same thing. You know, Ike could have read Stevenson's speeches and vice versa and it wouldn't have made any real difference. This thing was coming, that's all." The precinct captain who worked at the coke plant went even further: "We might have done better with someone else, but we were due for a change."

Although Stevenson had begun as a fairly weak candidate, he had grown in stature during the campaign. But this growing respect for the Democratic candidate's obvious abilities had never produced the kind of enthusiasm that the men in the mills had displayed for Truman in 1948 and for Roosevelt during his four campaigns. "It'll be a long time," another Gary precinct committeeman told me, "before we get someone else who can say 'my friends' and, brother, you believe it! You know, Stevenson's probably the best man we ever put up, but he never came across to the people."

While there were relatively few comments about Stevenson, Truman's whistle-stopping was the central theme of some of the hottest arguments of the day. The debate as to the effects, good or bad, of the President's "give-'em-hell" tour will probably outlast all other lunchtime topics derived from the election. In almost every department in every mill someone said, "He should have stayed home; he lost us votes," and gained agreement from many listening fellow workers.

Such comments about Truman often led into a verbal revolt against the entrenched high command of the Democratic Party, the men who came to the fore during the latter part of the Convention. A man at the sheet and tin mill got exclamations of agreement from half a dozen steelworkers during lunchtime when he asserted loudly: "Rayburn, Truman, Schricker—they all got to go! We got to have some new men and some new ideas!" After a swallow of coffee, he added, "At least next time we'll be able to campaign against Ike instead of poor old Herbie Hoover."

An eccentric at the axle mill had his own special interpretation of Truman's role in the campaign. "I'll tell you," he would tell anyone he could get to listen to him, "I'll tell you just what Truman did. He made a deal with Eisenhower. They agreed that Ike'd let Truman win in 1948 and then Harry'd let Ike have it in 1952." His was probably the only theory on the election that gained not a single adherent during the long day of analyzing and arguing above the noises of the machines.

The issue of internal Communism was not considered important. In spite of their predominantly Catholic background, the Gary workers failed

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to become very excited about charges of "Red influence" in the government and did not attribute to others concern which they had not felt themselves. Perhaps they had heard the same charge leveled at their own union too many times before. Also, unlike Korea, corruption, and taxes, Communism did not seem a firsthand problem.

Nor was much said in most of the mills about the influence of money or the one-party press, although these items were occasionally mentioned. Several of the open-hearth groups, for example, felt that the newspapers had had a substantial effect in molding public opinion around the issues of Korea. corruption, and taxation. According to one of these men, a political leader in a suburban township east of Gary, repetition was one of the Republicans' deadliest weapons. "They kept after us day after day, month after month, ever since 1948," he said. "It's like tellin' a guy his wife is a bum. If he hears it often enough from enough people, he'll start believing it whether it's true or not." But another worker was quick to remind him that Gary's only paper is Republican and pro-Ike and that half the men in the mills buy the Chicago *Tribune*.

Also neglected in the comments and commentaries of the steelworkers were the top labor leaders who had paraded their endorsement of Stevenson before the union memberships during the campaign. Gary workers tend to regard such high-level politicking as a meager virtue or a mild vice—the kind of thing a man is bound to do when he's president of a big union. A different matter is political action by union members who are precinct committeemen or by local union officers who have observable influence within the mill and the community. That gets votes. In one factory a disgruntled anti-union worker looked unsuccessfully throughout the day for a real argument over his contention that the election meant a major repudiation of the leadership of American labor. The point just didn't seem to cut much ice.

The Winning Minority

Most of the arguing and analyzing over the causes and effects of the Eisenhower landslide that so preoccupied the steelworkers of Gary the day after the election was carried on by the great

pro-Democratic majority who had voted for Stevenson. The one big surprise of November 5 was the near silence of the small but usually vociferous minority of admitted Republicans who work in the factories. They seemed almost stunned by the long-awaited victory of their party.

"I expected to get a real going over," my friend Carl told me. "I figured these guys had been waiting for twenty years to stick the knife in me. But, by God, they didn't hardly say a thing! Seemed to me like they was scared of what they'd done. I talked to maybe ten Republicans during the shift and not one of them even razzed me a little. Now what do you make of that?"

I received much the same report from other equally surprised Democrats in the other Gary mills. A Negro operative at the sheet and tin mill likened the Republicans to a man who was convinced by various doctors that he had to have a leg amputated. "He wakes up after the operation, and that leg ain't there no more. Now dammit, he says to hisself, I wonder if maybe I shouldn't have done that! But it sure is too late to change his mind."

Even Bill Phillipson, middle-aged worshiper of Hoover at the tin mill, was soon silenced. Each time this noisiest and most frustrated of the Republicans in that factory during the long Democratic rule mentioned the election on Wednesday, he was challenged to explain what Ike would do about Korea, taxes, social security, Taft-Hartley, foreign aid, and many other items from the awesome list of problems confronting the new President. "Brother," one ardent Democrat exclaimed with evident glee, "we've been taking your damned guff for twenty years! Now you might as well get set to take it for a change 'cause we're gonna be gettin' after you every day you show your face!"

THE MEN who supported Eisenhower, especially those who openly advocated his election despite the hostile atmosphere of the mills, apparently expect a great deal from him. Most of them are not so stringent in their demands as one old painter who voted for the General. He turned up for work on Thursday in a foul mood because Eisenhower had not yet left for Korea. The wives of Gary's millworkers must also expect much in the way of repayment for their departure from the tradition of voting as their husbands do.

Even the great majority of pro-Democrat workers regard Eisenhower with a tolerance and a begrudging sympathy seldom granted to Republicans of any rank or station. Probably no other potential standard bearer for the Republican Party could have achieved victory in the election and still retained such a measure of good will from the men who make steel. It is as if there had again appeared the feeling that was to a large degree suppressed as the campaign waxed hotter through September and October: that in spite of our political predispositions, we cannot help but "like Ike."

This sympathy, this affection, will aid Eisenhower with Gary's workingmen only if he is in fact successful. If international and domestic affairs become no worse from these workers' point of view during Eisenhower's Administration, or if they become only a little worse, they will set about trying to dislodge him from the White House four years from now with good humor and without rancor. But if depression or serious recession, war, a sharp decline in real income, or a serious attack on unions by government-aided industry occurs while he holds the Presidency, then Eisenhower will face the anger of men and women who will feel that he has broken faith with them—or at least betrayed the deep affection that was felt for him even by those who opposed his election.

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The Revolt Against Mass-Produced Cars

RALPH STEIN

All sorts of strange names and words are being tossed around these days; names like Pope-Hartford and Jaguar, Iskenderian and M.G., Ferrari and Crane-Simplex; words like full-race cam, toy tonneau, and acetylene lamp. The words are car talk; about American cars, foreign cars, antique cars, hot rods, sports cars, and classic cars. And you hear them not only in garages and in the many newly formed motoring clubs but in supermarkets and around office water coolers.

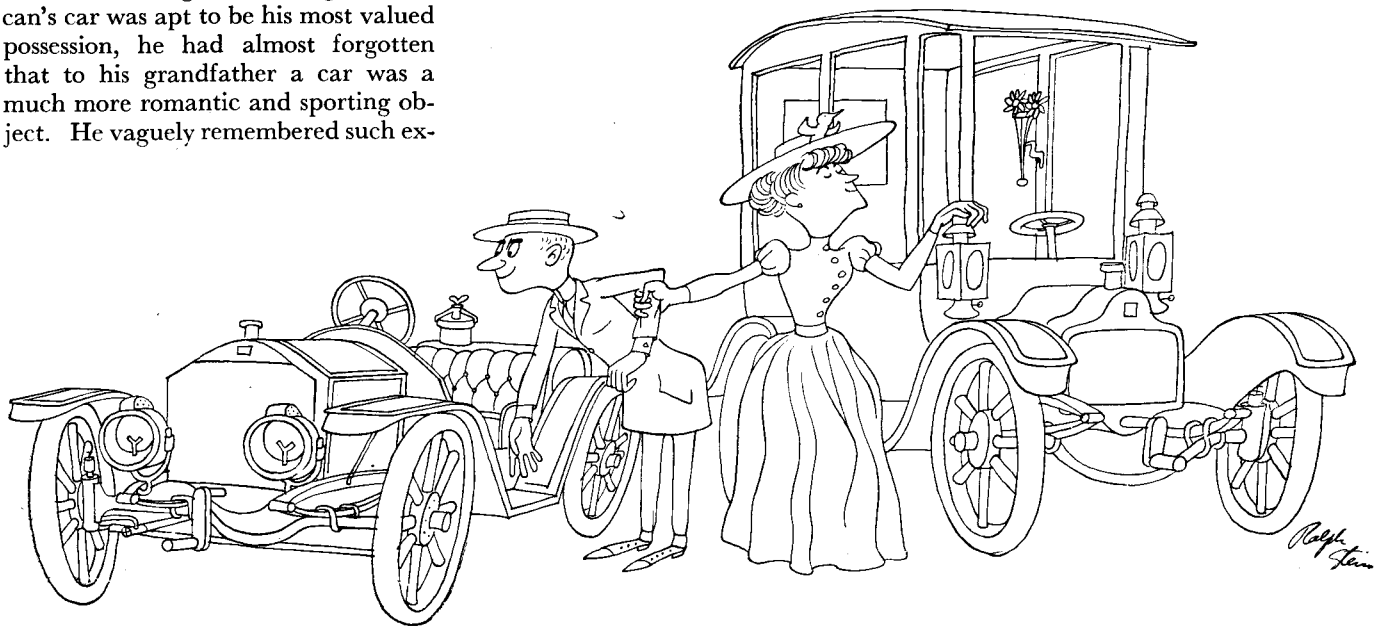
A lot of people have suddenly become slightly car crazy. For years Americans have docilely accepted the products from the assembly lines of Detroit. If the cars gave moderately reliable transportation and if the new model was slightly more florid with chromium plating than Smith's next door (*that* poor fellow had no chromium arrow on the rear fender of his pathetic last year's model), we were satisfied. Though the average American's car was apt to be his most valued possession, he had almost forgotten that to his grandfather a car was a much more romantic and sporting object. He vaguely remembered such exciting machines as the Stanley Steamer, the Apperson Jack Rabbit, and the Mercer; but two wars and a frightening depression had not only almost erased them from his memory but had actually eliminated the cars themselves.

A few people, in those arid years, never stopped being excited by exotic automobiles. However, in the immediate postwar years, cars again became sporting objects, collectors' items, and an important part of the lives of many thousands of normally sane American drivers.

Many Americans bought small European machines when domestic cars could be had only through the dealer-supported black market. Buyers who had first turned to the tiny foreign cars because they couldn't find anything else discovered to their amazement that they liked them better than the hulking brutes they were used to. Very short wheelbases made it easy to insert the cars into small parking spaces. The English had never given up leather upholstery, and after the gaudy synthetic fabrics of most American cars it seemed wonderfully luxurious. The bodywork on some small European machines is of heavier-gauge steel than on most of ours. Some people think this is a virtue, though it makes more work for the already hard-working little engines.

The Europeans don't pamper their engines; they run them hard and fast and feed them very little fuel. The Austin and Hillman engines, for example, are roughly a third the size of a Chevrolet engine but deliver nearly half the power, while the maximum car speed is not far from seven-eighths that of a Chevrolet.

The noisier, flashier sports cars make themselves much more evident; but it is really the small utility cars that the Europeans, especially the British, have



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succeeded in selling in quantity, Austin alone claiming to have some 85,000 machines over here.

Racy Jobs

In a country where cars are merely commonplace family workhorses it is surprising how the non-utilitarian sports car has taken hold again after a forty-year lapse. A sports car is an entirely different breed from the sportiest-looking, lushest American convertible. The true sports car is a blood brother of a racing car no matter what sort of body is mounted on its chassis. It has a powerful, responsive engine and taut steering. Its wheels turn quickly in the direction its driver wants them pointed. (An ordinary Detroit sedan takes five or more turns of the steering wheel to bring the front wheels from full left to full right, a good sports car sometimes as little as one and three-quarter turns.) It has power and speed, superb brakes, and stiffer springing than most Americans are used to. At first a sports car's ride seems bumpy though not at all tiring. But after a sports car, a normal car tends to feel like a small boat in a beam-on sea.

By far the most popular sports car in this country is the M.G. from England. It is small, not very expensive (about $2,000), and is powered by a four-cylinder fifty-four-horsepower engine. It is satisfying, simple, and different-looking, and it sells by the tens of thousands. It is almost surely the machine that started Americans buying sports cars again—to the surprise of American manufacturers who thought that all Americans wanted machines they did not have to drive but merely to guide in detached luxury.

The British XK 120 Jaguar is more powerful (160 horsepower), costs more (just over $4,000), and is slightly less common than the M.G. It is capable of speeds on the order of 125 miles an hour, but has only two seats, like the M.G., and little more luggage room.

Other British makes like the Allard, Morgan, Frazer-Nash, Bentley, Lagonda, and Aston Martin have not nearly the popularity of the M.G. and the Jaguar. These range in price from $2,500 to more than $10,000. The French Delahaye and Talbot and the Italian Ferrari are astronomically priced at up to $15,000, and only the very wealthiest fans can afford the very few which are imported.

In this country, the large manufacturers are beginning to show faint stirrings of interest in sports cars. Buick has announced what it calls a sports car—the appellation apparently being justified mainly by the substitution of wire wheels for solid steel ones. Packard and Chrysler have shown their whale-like "sports" versions but have said nothing about going into production, and Kaiser-Frazer is rumored to be building a sports machine based on the Henry J. Thus far only Briggs Cunningham has gone into very small production with a composite $9,000 machine based on American power plants (Chrysler and Cadillac) and on other Detroit components that can be made to serve. Nash is halfheartedly marketing the Nash-Healey, with a Nash Ambassador engine (modified for more power) and an English Healey chassis; an Italian Farina body envelops the whole thing, which costs over $5,000.

In the early days of automobiling in this country, motorists formed themselves into clubs, which gradually became more and more impersonal and finally merged into one semi-commercial organization, the A.A.A., a sort of insurance-cum-discount outfit in which the membership has little voice. But now the sports-car fans have formed themselves into a whole network of clubs, of which the Sports Car Club of America is the largest, with some thousands of members. New magazines devoted to cars have sprung up too, like the publications of the old days which dealt directly with the private car owner but which over the years degenerated into a few very dull trade papers for garagemen and dealers.

Sports-car racing by amateurs has had a remarkable revival. Not since the early days of this century have Americans raced on public highways, closed to normal traffic by suprisingly broad-minded police departments. These racing amateurs drive for little cups and engraved bowls instead of money, but there is still plenty of danger.

Shortly after the war, when the first of these races was organized, anybody with a car could enter and perhaps win, but things are much more difficult now. The wealthier drivers are investing vast sums in superpowered Cunninghams and Ferraris and have organized expensive racing stables, and certain dealers in foreign machines have supported secretly paid professionals to drive their factory-prepared machines. All of which no longer gives the young man in the home-prepared M.G. much chance to pick up a cup.

The Antique Boys

The collecting and refurbishing of old machines is another facet of the new car craze. Relics that have moldered in garages these forty years are dragged out with glad cries. Thousands of dollars are spent on their restoration. Antiques are unearthed in all sorts of places, out in the weather on

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backwoods farms or carefully standing on jacks in the city carriage houses of the rich.

Some antique-car collectors do their own work. They take years disassembling and cleaning every part of their cars, leaving no two parts fastened together, no bolt and nut unscrewed, and delving through the half-forgotten car magazines of half a century ago to be sure that everything they rebuild is correct. An anachronistic part is anathema to the crotchety characters who belong to the antique-car clubs.

The antique fanciers, too, have clubs and hold meetings, where they show their cars and compete for cups, which are given for condition, rarity, and reliability. Each year now the Glidden Tour of Grandpa's day is revived and hundreds of ancient cars go puffing over hundreds of miles to a rendezvous where prizes are distributed.

Lately people have started to collect what they call "classic" cars. These are gaudy creations of the 1920's: giant Lincolns and Packards and Duesenbergs built for the movie stars and the big plungers of the great bull market. Giant, beautifully built gas eaters, they are still bought quite cheaply by sentimentalists who just can't bear to see them junked.

But why this rapidly building up interest in the automobile? Some think it a reaction against the sameness of Detroit, against mass production and tawdry design. Some blame it on a nostalgic effort to get back to the freedom of motoring as it existed before the First World War, when Papa raised the dust with his Stutz Bearcat. Some say it is just a new way to show off and will go the way of miniature golf and Coué-ism.

Myself, I don't know.

The Vestal Virgins Of Birmingham, Ala.

CHRISTOPHER GEROULD

A TRAVELER today can easily be overpowered by the crackling high-tension atmosphere of boom times and hustling enterprise that charges the whole quadrilateral whose corners are Virginia, Kentucky, Texas, and Florida. But Southern appetite and aptitude for tradition are unchanged; if a tradition is not available, the true Southerner will manufacture one. Appropriately high above the sooty furnaces of Birmingham stands a building that might serve as a monument to all newly synthesized Southern traditions.

Vestavia, a free-style replica of the Temple of Vesta near the Roman Forum, is a circular building surrounded by a portico of twenty columns of concrete and a brownish stone that looks more like ore than structural material. Surrounding it are severe formal gardens in the Italian manner, which contrast oddly with the thickets of dogwood that spill away from the grounds down the side of Shades Mountain.

The history of Vestavia, as told me by a pleasant lady guide from the Birmingham Automobile Club, probably contains some legend. The temple was built as a residence in 1924 by a mayor of Birmingham who possessed both a passion for ancient Rome and a quarter of a million dollars with which to gratify it. A middle-aged bachelor when the building was begun, he married shortly before it was completed. His bride left him at the start of an elaborate European honeymoon, and he returned to live alone in his temple for some twenty years, served by four togaed Negroes whom he addressed as Caesar, Cicero, Nero, and Virgil, and an Italian landscape gardener (who wore overalls).

POSSIBLY the bride's flight was due to a realization of what housekeeping in a temple would be like. The official brochure calls Vestavia "the world's most unique residence," and it certainly must be among the world's most unlivable. Its main floor is a large circular room with a fireplace, one of two that provide the only heat. Up a helical staircase on the second floor a modern bathroom rounds out the incomplete circle of the master bedroom. The bath, while not "period," would have delighted any Roman, with its stall shower abristle with nozzles to spray the bather from all directions. Below the living room are a banquet

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hall and a small everyday triclinium, or breakfast nook.

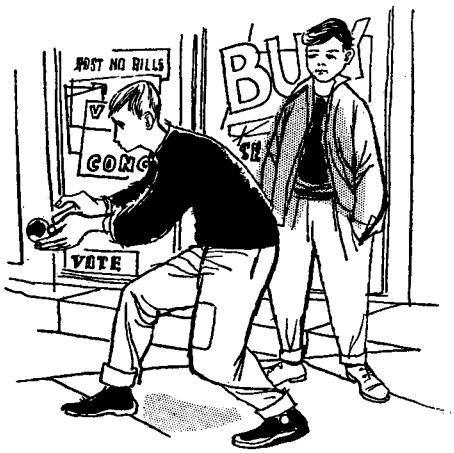
After its owner's death, Vestavia was a white elephant. Most of the acreage of the hilltop estate was built up into a smart development, but for years no one wanted the temple. Finally, a few years back, the estate received an advantageous offer from a gambling syndicate which wanted to turn it into a casino. To protect the owners of the neat ranch houses that surround it, a group bought the building and hastily designated it as a monument.

For seventy-five cents a visitor can wander at will through the Vestavia gardens, can sit in the little gazebo (the Temple of Sibyl) at the mountain's edge, and can trail along with a lady curator through the house itself. The three lower floors are much as their master left them, though the banqueting halls and an adjacent terrace have been turned over to a semi-private tea room. The bedroom still contains the builder's library—a low bookcase filled with high-school texts of Roman history, Latin grammars, and interlinear translations of the classics. Every nook of the house is crammed with plaster casts, plus two originals—a pair of large alabaster damsels holding lamps. These are obviously Italian, done with a nice combination of pantographic exactness and calendar-art sentimentality. "Notice the marvelous artistry," says the lady curator, pointing to the perfectly executed cuticle of a little fingernail.

On the topmost floor the present proprietors have made from what was formerly a storeroom the Temple Room. Along half of the circular wall are niched a plaster pantheon of several goddesses. They stare uncomprehendingly across the room at a huge mural ("the largest in the world ever painted by a woman"). It shows the initiation of a child vestal into the sisterhood, and, as the lady curator points out, every piece of furniture in the mural is entirely authentic. Even more authentic are the vestals themselves, modeled by young ladies once prominent in Birmingham society. "Mary Ellen So-and-so, Ruth-Beth This-and-that," intones the lady in solemn tally along the wall. But the healthy, genteelly rouged, permanently waved Junior League heads above the robes of flowing white are surer authentication than a whole genealogy of names. Unlike the goddesses, the debutantes do not stare rudely across the room. Each meditates her virginity with that peculiar look of apathy invented by portrait photographers.

On the way down from the Temple Room a bust of Sappho menaces the visitor's head from above the stairway. "What was she goddess of?" asks a lady who has been taking mental notes almost audibly. For some reason there is a perceptible pause before the priestess says, smoothly and with the hint of a snub, "She wasn't the goddess of *anything*. She was a poetess and lived on an island near Greece."

Views & Reviews



The Secret Club

A short story about kids' gangs

ROBERT K. BINGHAM

Mr. and Mrs. Clute, whose friends were scattered all over the city, rarely had more than three or four nodding acquaintances on the block where they actually lived. But to the Clutes' nine-year-old son, David, moving to a new neighborhood meant that he had to make an entirely new set of friends. The second day—after he and his sister had helped their mother clean the apartment and settle the furniture—David went downstairs to the street and watched the children of the neighborhood at play.

They played in groups. On the sidewalk some five- and six-year-old boys had formed a train, each with his hands on the shoulders of the one in front. They were hooting and chugging around a circle of girls who were busy with a quiet, methodical game of jacks. Other children played hide-and-seek, although there was no place to hide except behind or under the cars that were parked on one side of the street. A dozen boys were playing ball against the side of a warehouse at the end of the block. Whenever the activities of one group expanded or shifted into the area of another, the bigger children drove the smaller ones away. Those who played allowed themselves to be pressed gently aside whenever a car moved, always cautiously, down the street. Then they rushed in jealously to claim the open space in each car's wake. A boy of about twelve with golden-yellow skin rode his bicycle in and out among the groups without speaking or being spoken to by any of the others.

Late in the afternoon, when most of the children had gone home for supper or to do errands for their

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mothers, David walked over and squatted down near a boy who was bouncing a ball against the warehouse. For a while David simply watched the boy, who was about his own age, maybe a little older.

"What's your name?" David asked, standing up and jamming his fists into his pockets.

"Stanley Cakiades."

"Who do you play with?"

Without taking his eyes off the ball, Stanley gestured toward the buildings up and down the street.

"Where did you get the ball from?"

"My brother George got it for me." Stanley never took his eyes off the ball.

"Well, where did *he* get it from?"

"He gets lots of them. We have forty, seventy, maybe three hundred balls at home. He tells Mr. Harris that some kid broke a window in the warehouse and every time he tells, Mr. Harris gives him a ball."

"Who's Mr. Harris?"

"He guards the warehouse. I'll throw the ball up and bounce it off the wall and you catch it. Then you throw it."

David took up the game thoughtfully. After a while he asked, "If I break a window, will he tell on me?"

Stanley nodded.

"Will he tell on you?"

"He better not or I'll bust his nose," Stanley said angrily. "He better not tell on any one of our gang at all, or Frankie will get him good. It don't matter who he tells on, just so it isn't any of our gang."

They played in silence for a while. Then David asked: "Who's in the gang?" For answer Stanley repeated his gesture toward the buildings up and down the street.

"Can I be in the gang?"

Stanley looked directly at David for the first time. "You'll have to ask Frankie Miretti about that," he said finally. And he threw the ball up again.

"Is it a secret club?"

"Sure, of course it's a secret club," Stanley agreed without hesitation. "I bet you can't figure out where our secret hideout is. It's on this street, and it isn't over there in that alley between 354 and 358."

David looked up and down the street for the secret hideout. "I give up. Where is it?"

"That I can't tell you," Stanley said firmly. "You could never find *our* secret hideout."

As Stanley was running to catch the ball he collided with a short, shabbily dressed old woman with puckery, creased skin who had turned the corner suddenly in front of him. "Get out of here, you rats!" she shrieked, menacing Stanley with an oilcloth shopping bag. Stanley picked up the ball and, at a deliberately slow pace, walked across the street to join David. "Go on, you rats," said the old woman, glaring at the boys. While they were waiting for the old woman to go away, David and Stanley pretended that they did not even notice her. "Rats, rats," she kept muttering as she made her way along the sidewalk—stopping to look into several trash cans—and finally around the corner out of sight, Stanley and David looked at each other and laughed.

"Do you have secret meetings in the secret hideout?" David asked.

"Sure, we take our enemies in there and get *their* secrets. There's a special push button that makes a whole brick wall move away and . . . Give me the ball. I have to go now." He took the ball out of David's hand and ran up the street and around the corner, the same way the old woman had gone.

There were no more children on the street, and, after throwing an imaginary ball at the brick wall for a while, David walked slowly home.

NEXT morning David went downstairs and looked for Stanley. The golden-skinned boy on the bicycle was there again, riding very fast and recklessly up and down the street among the other children. Once or twice he looked inquisitively at David.

Some little boys were drawing pictures on the street with chalk.

"What's that?" one of the little boys asked another.

"A lady," said the artist, who had stretched himself out full length in the gutter to work on his picture. The others gathered around to look at the portrait.

"That's not a lady. That's a boy," one of the critics declared positively, pointing to a distinctly masculine part of the figure's anatomy. Before the argument went any further, however, the group's attention was distracted by one of its members who had discovered that if he pressed his chalk into a tire valve on one of the parked cars, he could get an impressive blast of air.

Stanley arrived with seven or eight other boys. "Hi, Stanley," said David anxiously. Stanley nodded curtly.

The oldest and tallest member of the new group was a good-looking boy of twelve or thirteen who wore a red visor cap and a ragged T shirt marked "Camp Hood, Home of the Tank Destroyers." Nudging the little boy who had drawn the irregular lady, he said, "Come on, kid. Get off the field, off the field."

Holding his ground, the artist looked up and said, "There ain't no field because there ain't no grass."

"What are you, a wise guy?" the older boy asked.

"There ain't no field because there ain't no grass," the little boy insisted. The boy in the red visor cap picked the little boy up out of the gutter and set him down again on the sidewalk. "Aw, Frankie," the little boy complained helplessly.

And then the game began. The batter, standing on the sidewalk by the warehouse, bounced the ball off the building to the fielders in the street. Complicated ground rules determined whether a ball was a home run, a single, or an out—there were no other possibilities—on the basis of how it bounced and how it was fielded. The players spent more of their time shouting at each other than they did playing. The big boy wearing the red visor cap settled most of the arguments in his own favor. "Automatic out!" he would shout over the protests of the batter,

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or "Home run!" when he himself was the batter. All the other players together shouted him down only once.

The game was interrupted by two dark-haired young men of seventeen or eighteen, one of whom reached out and caught the ball as he walked by. Both of them were dressed in sports shirts, trousers with very full knees and narrow cuffs, and shoes that made a rasping, metallic sound as they scuffed along the sidewalk. "Who wants to buy a ball?" asked one of the young men, tossing it to his friend.

"Yeah, who wants to buy a ball?" asked the friend. The group around the boy in the red visor cap watched their tormentors helplessly. Finally one of them dropped the ball contemptuously into the gutter. Stanley brought the ball to the boy in the red visor cap, who snatched it from him angrily, as if Stanley had stolen it. Just then the golden-skinned boy on the bicycle raced by. The boy in the red visor cap watched the rider turn the corner and then said, "I don't know why that Puerto Rican is always coming around here. He lives clear up on Sixteenth." He spat after the Puerto Rican.

DAVID got up off the curb and went over to the boy in the red visor cap. "Are you Frankie?" he asked.

The older boy paused, his arm cocked ready to throw the ball. "Who's this guy?" he asked his friends.

Winking exaggeratedly and holding his hand to one side of his mouth, Stanley said, "He's the one. I told him if he wanted to be in the secret club, he had to talk to Frankie about it. You know, the *secret* club."

All the others laughed at this, and the boy in the red visor cap looked at David tolerantly. "I ain't Frankie. He's up there. See him up there at the other end of the street?"

David ran off toward the group that had been pointed out to him, some older boys, including the two recent ball thieves, standing under the marquee of an empty, boarded-over movie house. "Which one is Frankie? Which one is Frankie Miretti?"

"Miretti? I don't know no Frankie Mirettis around here," said a tall, thin boy who was doing a shuffling, loose-jointed dance to which none of the others were paying any attention.

"Miretti? Sure, you know that Miretti kid," said another, lighting a cigarette. "There he is, down the other end of the street playing ball."

David turned slowly and walked back to the ballplayers. "You're Frankie. You're the leader of the secret club," he said positively, pointing at the older boy. "I want to be in the secret club."

"So I'm the boss of the secret club?" The others all laughed. The boy named Frankie was pleased.

"You're the leader and I want to be in the secret club."

"Naw, naw, you got to be at least nine years old before you can be in this secret club," said Frankie. The others laughed as soon as Frankie began to speak, even before he had said anything funny. They doubled themselves over and pointed at David as if they could not control themselves.

"I *am* nine," said David.

"Well," said Frankie, "in that case you got to be ten."

"No, no, no," David pleaded. "You said nine was enough. Besides," he added a little uncertainly, "I used to be in a secret club over where I lived before."

"Yeah?" Frankie seemed interested. "What did you do in this secret club?"

"Oh, we used to gang up and get the girls after school. We'd chase them all around the block. Sometimes four and five of us after one girl," David said proudly. "And besides we had real guns too."

"Yeah? What did you do to these girls when you caught them?"

"Oh, we didn't do nothing to them," David answered vaguely. "We just *got* them, that's all."

Frankie thought for a while and then said, "You got a sister, ain't you? I seen her with you in the store." David nodded. "Well, the only way you can be in the secret club is if your sister does what we tell her to."

"And if she does that," David said eagerly, "then can I be in the secret club?"

Laughing, Frankie slapped David lightly on the chin and said, "No, kid, you can't *ever* be in the secret club."

Swinging his fists furiously at the bigger boy, David shouted, "Goddam hell you. You've *got* to let me be in the secret club. You've *got* to."

Frankie stepped back out of the way and fended David off easily with his outstretched arm. "Look, kid, take it easy. There *ain't* no secret club, see? Stanley was just telling you a story, see? There ain't no secret club and there ain't no leader."

Driven to rage by his own helplessness against the bigger boy, David began to cry. "I *know* there's a secret club," he sobbed. "I know there is."

"Come on, let's go over by the school where the wall's better," said Frankie. He held the ball over his head, and the others followed him up the street.

Stanley looked into David's quivering, contorted face. "You coming too, crybaby?"

Still rubbing his eyes, David fell in with the others.

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The Man Who Ran Our Wartime Navy

H. W. BLAKELEY

FLEET ADMIRAL KING: A NAVAL RECORD. By Ernest J. King, Fleet Admiral, United States Navy, and Walter Muir Whitehill, Commander, United States Naval Reserve. *W. W. Norton & Co. $6.75.*

SERVICE REPUTATIONS, established by casual conversations in messes and wardrooms, are somehow more exact than the meticulously recorded details of an officer's characteristics and performances accumulated in his personal file in Washington. For many years before Admiral King became the wartime Commander in Chief, United States Fleet, and Chief of Naval Operations, he was known throughout the Navy as a hard taskmaster who, when he gave an order, expected an unembellished "Aye, aye, sir" accompanied by prompt action and no excuses.

King's opposite number in the Royal Navy in the later years of the Second World War, Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham of Hyndhope (born Andrew Browne Cunningham), devotes a paragraph in his autobiography, *A Sailor's Odyssey,* to a description of King as he saw him in Washington in 1942: "A man of immense capacity and ability, quite ruthless in his methods, he was not an easy person to get on with. He was tough and liked to be considered tough, and at times became rude and overbearing. . . . On the whole I think Ernest King was the right man in the right place, though one could hardly call him a good co-operator. Not content with fighting the enemy, he was usually fighting someone on his own side as well."

SUCH a man's autobiography might be expected to outdo Marine General Holland M. Smith's *Coral and Brass* in outspokenness and vitriol. To the disappointment of many readers,

Admiral King

human nature being what it is, the actual product is mild—although deceptively mild might be a more accurate description. Part of the reason for this is the book's odd and unfortunate method. The introduction is first-person Ernest J. King. In it he explains, in part, the way the book was prepared: "Although written by Commander Whitehill in the third person, the record endeavors only to present my views and actions as I understand them. During the past four years I have prepared voluminous notes of my recollections, while he has independently assembled sources in the manner of a biographer whose subject was no longer living. We have spent many hours in conversation, and endless drafts have traveled between Washington and Boston in an effort to reduce my ideas and experiences to permanent record. Commander Whitehill will give a more detailed account of our collaboration in a final chapter, for which he alone is responsible."

Mr. Whitehill, who is Director and Librarian of the Boston Athenaeum, spent most of the war years in the offices of King's flag secretary. In his final chapter he tells of his duties, which were primarily archival-historical but included the drafting of two of Admiral King's three official reports to the Secretary of the Navy. In referring to these reports, King says that they told *what* had been accomplished, and that the present book attempts to show *why* certain vital wartime decisions were made.

The collaboration with Mr. Whitehill was a logical one considering that the Admiral, now seventy-four and in poor health, is not the type who would accept the "ghost-writer" convention. The shortcomings of the method are not evident in the well-done story of his prewar career, but its weaknesses are clear as soon as the more controversial issues and personages of the Second World War are under discussion. The third-person narrative is simply not the equal of the "I-believe" approach in vigor and acceptance of responsibility for opinions.

King and Roosevelt

There is a good example of this in the account of President Roosevelt's decision to abandon the Andaman Islands amphibious operation which had been promised to Chiang Kai-shek during the SEXTANT Conference: "This broken promise to China, which greatly distressed King, was the one instance during the war in which he felt that the President had gone against the advice of his Joint Chiefs of Staff. Hindsight is futile, but in the light of subsequent events it is permissible to speculate as to what might have occurred in postwar years had the promise to the Chinese not been broken in the second half

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of the SEXTANT Conference, for, after all, the commitment made to them in the early stages of the Cairo Conference was overturned because of the Russian agreement to enter the war with Japan, which was first broached at Teheran."

The account of King's personal relations with President Roosevelt similarly loses some of its authority even though illuminated by two stories. One records the formal note in which King informed the President that he, the Admiral, would reach the normal retirement age of sixty-four in one month. The President returned the note with the scrawled comment: "So what, old top? I may even send you a birthday present!"

The other quotes a "Dear Ernie" letter from Roosevelt inspired by the report that King shaved every morning with a blowtorch, and adding that he had also heard a rumor that the Admiral cut his toenails with a torpedo net cutter. In spite of the implications of these bits of Rooseveltian humor, King (or is it Whitehill?) summarizes the relationship between the two men this way: "King did not seek the counsel or company of the President except when his duties required it. In dealing with his own naval subordinates he assumed that they were 'competent in their several command echelons unless and until they themselves prove otherwise.' He expected a similar assumption by the President in regard to himself, and was not disappointed. King did not agree with many of the President's ideas and policies, but the President knew quite well that King would tell him the truth as he saw it, and on that basis they understood one another."

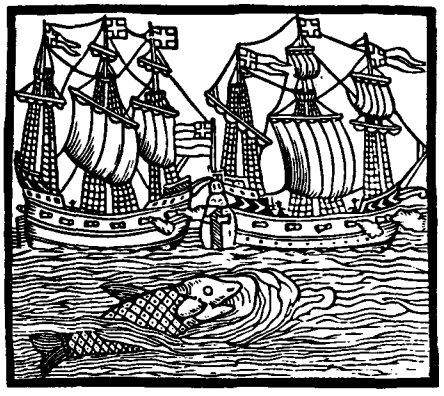
King vs. the Generals

Of equal interest are King's relations with the leading military figures of the war, particularly with Generals Marshall, MacArthur, Eisenhower, and Stilwell. He inevitably had strong differences of opinion with Marshall, and the comment is made, in a discussion of the Pearl Harbor catastrophe, that "King has never been able to reconcile the difference in the President's treatment of Admiral Stark and General Marshall in regard to Pearl Harbor. While General Marshall was allowed to remain in Washington as Chief of Staff of the Army, Admiral Stark suffered a demotion in being sent to London . . ." As the story of the war develops, however, so does a picture of mutual respect between the two men. When the question of command of the invasion of France came up, "King felt strongly that Marshall was indispensable as a member of the Joint and Combined Chiefs of Staff, and could not be spared, however desirable he might be as Supreme Commander."

CHURCHILL once reported to his war Cabinet that "Admiral King of course considers the Pacific should be a first charge on all resources. . . "

This was a rather sweeping statement, considering King's complete agreement with the American-British grand strategy based on the decision to regard Germany as the primary enemy whose defeat would inevitably lead to the collapse of Italy and the defeat of Japan. Nevertheless, King and MacArthur both had strong and sometimes conflicting views on the conduct of the war in the Pacific.

When MacArthur "seemed to have surprisingly little enthusiasm either for the operation or for the proposed date" in regard to the seizure of Tulagi and Guadalcanal, King "wrote MacArthur that he could not sanction any delay." And later there is comment on "the emotional element often interjected by MacArthur into strategic planning."



In giving his approval to the use of atomic bombs against Japan, President Truman believed correctly, in King's opinion, that an invasion of Japan would cost thousands of American lives. But, says King, the dilemma was an unnecessary one because within a short time sea power would have starved the enemy into submission without an invasion.

AS IMPORTANT and interesting as King's views on why and how various major decisions in the conduct of the war were right or wrong is a picture of why and how he himself developed into what Admiral Cunningham called "the right man in the right place." The background of training and experience that he brought to the Navy's top career posts (he held at least four at one time) was exceptional, particularly in contrast to that of some holders of high civilian positions during the Second World War.

Forty-two years of service in the United States Navy were behind King when he took over the responsibilities of commanding it during the war. He had held the cadet lieutenant-commandership, the Naval Academy's highest military post for an undergraduate. He had served twenty-five years in surface ships, four years in submarines, and thirteen years in naval aviation. His work in raising the sunken submarines *S-4* and *S-51* had given him some national reputation and much experience in personal leadership under hard, dangerous conditions. He had been commander of the Submarine Base at New London, commanded an aircraft carrier, been a student at the Naval War College, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, a member of the General Board, and Commander in Chief of the Atlantic Fleet. The book doesn't say so, but it is apparent that the urge to position and power had never been absent.

Tautness and Happiness

Whether it is King or Whitehill speaking, a paragraph in the account of his service in command of the *Lexington* is illuminating: "The crew of *Saratoga* invariably claimed that theirs was a 'happy ship,' but King, who felt that such vessels were usually rather loosely run and neither smart nor likely to be ready for unexpected duty, preferred to keep *Lexington* a 'taut ship.' It seemed to him that these were really the happy ships, since all hands knew precisely what was expected of them at all times. He never forgot the remark made to him in 1905 by old Boylan, *Cincinnati's* chief quartermaster, that the men 'know that you've been strict, but you've also been very fair.' "

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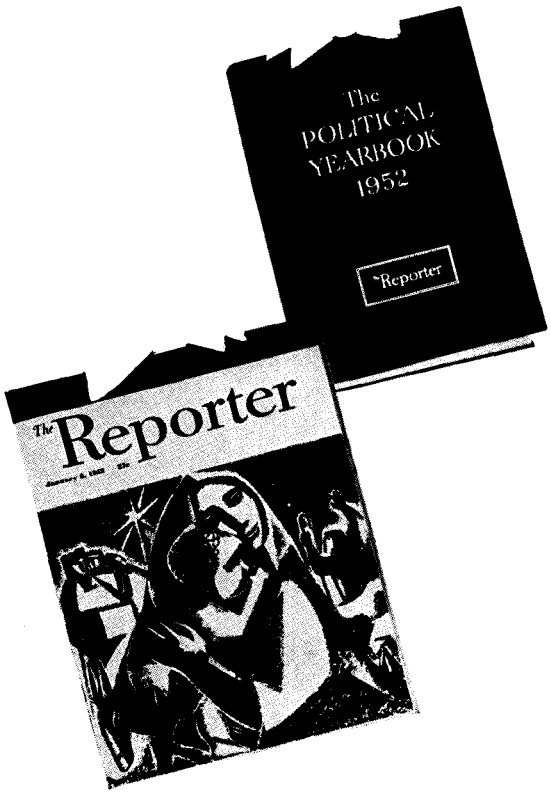

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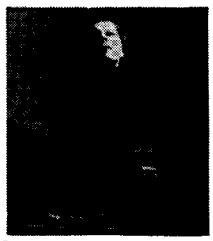

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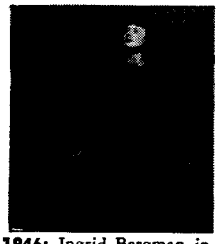

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